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By the men . . for the men in the service

4TH WAR YEAR PROMISING

See page

COMMANDO'S RETURN

Back in England, wearing a memento of the raid

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They Met the Enemy

These dramatic photos were made on the return to England of the men who raided Dieppe. The picture above is a rare study of the British Commando — weary, but still a tough soldier. One lad lost a trouser-leg to the Nazis. At left, an American Ranger gets a light from a British pal. At right, blindfolded Nazi prisoners are brought back.

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Allies storming these beaches suffered day's heaviest casualties.

Commandos wiped out 6-gun battery here in raid's initial action.

DIEPPE—Story of a Battle

They started out working like stevedores, sweating out the loading of the assault boats under a hot summer sun that august afternoon. At dusk that night, putting out to sea, they were soldiers again, quietly talking there in the moonlight about everything but tomorrow's battle. At dawn, they were fighting for their lives. By the next sunset they were heroes, they who had started out loading boats like stevedores. This, then, is their story—the men who went to Dieppe.

It began very quietly. The time was late Tuesday afternoon, August 20. At half a dozen ports along the southeast coast of England men in uniform were busy loading equipment —all kinds of weapons—into open-air assault boats. Tanks rumbled from docks into specially built tank landers. Gunboats, torpedo boats, motor launches, minesweepers, destroyers hovered off-shore.

At no one port was the commotion great enough to attract much attention from the townsfolk. Even a stray Nazi pilot flying overhead would have noticed nothing unusual. This sort of thing had been going on for months ceaselessly; the friendly beaches of England had witnessed endless practice "invasion" maneuvers.

The evening was muggy, although a bright sun had beat down on the Channel Coast most of the day. A half moon would soon be shining overhead. The sea was unusually calm.

The weather was, indeed, perfect for "combined operations," and some of the men who piled into assault boats and tank landers that late afternoon and early evening must have sensed that this was not a mere practice session.

It was dusk before this strange fleet of varied seacraft put out to sea. They sailed out of harbors and inlets into the open Channel, and there formed into a single unit, subdued thunder in their motors, quiet and powerful. A mile-long cordon of minesweepers gaunt against the dusk formed a sort of scouting party for the others.

The fleet headed in the direction of France.

It was only then, when no word could possibly be relayed back to shore, that the news was given out. They were headed for Dieppe, 75 miles across the Channel from the English coast: Dieppe, a Nazi stronghold. With a deep harbor and good rail connections with Paris, Dieppe was a city certain to be well-defended by the Nazis.

Only two weeks before, Admiral Erich Raeder, German naval commander, had inspected the city's defenses. Two divisions of Hitler's Elite Guards who had taken part in the siege of Sevastopol, in Russia, had been known to pass through Paris on their way to this part of the French coast. Veterans of tough campaigning, they were fully motorized and were sure to give a good account of themselves. The Nazi-controlled radios on the continent had blared forth ceaselessly that it would be "suicide" for the Allies to attack these strongly fortified French coastal cities.

If any man on this expedition was worried

A Canadian Commando back from Dieppe.

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about it, no one showed it. The officers had snacks of bully beef, bread and butter and tea and talked about everything on earth except tomorrow. The men had eaten supper before boarding and they sat around quietly talking, cleaning rifles, fusing hand grenades and loading the magazines of tommy, Bren and Sten guns. A man looks to his weapons at such times. And also to maps.

Maps of Dieppe were passed around to all effectives. They showed its streets, mosaics pointing out the contour of the high cliffs and beaches along the shoreline. Aerial photographs gave positions of pillboxes and batteries, machine-gun nests and artillery emplacements. The briefing took only a short while, so carefully planned were the details.

They Had a Plan

There was this cliff that had to be scaled to get at that pillbox. Snipers must be cleared out of this ravine leading up to that promontory above the city. The Casino and tobacco factory at Dieppe were known to have been converted into Nazi forts; the hotels facing the waterfronts were full of Germans.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Commando chief in charge of the combined operations, addressed the men of the No. 4 Commando group:

"Your tasks are most vital. If you don't knock out the German howitzer battery at Varengville the whole operation will go wrong."

Well over 10,000 men were sailing quietly across the English Channel that night, and that didn't begin to include the sailors who manned the warships or the airmen who were to come later.

Most of the soldiers were Canadians — Cameron Highlanders from Winnipeg, the South Saskatchewan Regiment, the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, the Essex Scottish Regiment from Ontario, a Calgary tank regiment, a detachment of Canadian Royal Engineers, a French Canadian outfit called Les Fusiliers Mont Royal which was to be kept as floating reserves off the port.

The British Commandos who were to make the first assaults on the beaches were there, of course, and so were units of the Fighting French forces, and American soldiers of the United States Army Ranger Battalion. The French were to fight on their native soil for the first time since their country surrendered to the Nazis. The Americans were making their first fighting appearance on European soil since the first World War.

In peacetime the Channel crossing from England to France via Dieppe took three and a half hours. This Tuesday night it took longer. The first indication that the voyage was about up came at 4:10 a. m. Wednesday, when tracer bullets from Nazi E-boats sent green and red streaks across the Channel sky. For 20 long minutes the E-boats kept up their attack, but destroyers hurried to the rescue and laid down a barrage that scared the smaller craft away.

At 4:30 a. m. the steady beat of bomber engines could be heard sweeping over the Channel from England. The bombers passed directly overehead and then dumped their first great loads with a loud rumble on the Dieppe waterfront. Nazi anti-aircraft began to bark. Tracer flak tore raw streaks of light through the sky. Two searchlights blasted the dark with a bright arc of weirdly shaped light. It formed like a chandelier over the city. The bombers came in increasing waves and greater explosions were heard.

Landing Parties Attack

At 4:45 a. m. destroyers of the Royal Navy began to race past the invasion barges to within a mile of shore. At 5:10 they began to pour a barrage of shells into shore. Under that umbrella of shells the barges set off for the beaches. The barrage lifted just as the barges hit land.

Six beaches, two in Dieppe itself on either side of the Arques estuary and the other four on each side of the city, were selected as landing places. But the first landing had been made outside Dieppe near Varengville at 4:50 a. m. before the destroyers had begun their shelling. The purpose of this early assault was to destroy the big howitzer battery in a small cluster of trees a few hundred yards inland before the Germans were aware that the British Navy was about.

Half of this landing party made a frontal attack up a steep cliff. Here, success was to the daring. The men simply walked up a vertical wooden beach staircase used by holiday bathers. The Nazis had neglected to protect any such obvious approach! Explosives blasted two banks of barbed wire at the top of the steps, a mortar platoon quickly followed and set up shop in a gully nearby.

A U. S. Ranger, training in England, practices bayonet charge.

Suddenly a violent explosion shook the earth; a mortar shell had landed directly on top of the battery's ammunition dump. A lucky hit. To all intents and purposes the battery could no longer fire, but even so there was the business of wiping out its detachment and ruining the guns. First clearing a path through the barbed wire, the Commandos rushed in for brief and bloody hand-to-hand fighting.

Code Tells the Tale

The Nazi battery captain sniped from his office window. Commando Trooper Dennis kicked in the door and sprayed him with tommy gun bullets. Troopers rushed into battery huts firing, stabbing. No German was left alive there except a handful of prisoners who chose, at the last, to surrender. They went back to England. Explosive charges set off inside the big guns ruined the battery for future use. A runner raced to one of the small communications tents set up on the beach and before long a special wireless sent back to England this message: "Pigeon demolished 6:50. In the code language of the day "pigeon" meant this battery. Later, "Pincer" and "Pieface," two flak guns not far away, were also put out of action.

Left Flank Fighting

Another landing party, at Pourville, also on the right of Dieppe, had an even easier time of it. They were in the center of this resort village before the Nazi sentries stirred. Quickly overpowering the enemy, this detachment of Canadians moved up a river valley three and a half miles inland to the Calais-Lex Havre highway.

1. *The first four Rangers to land on the beach at Dieppe, and thus the first four Yanks to set foot on French soil in this war, were S/Sgt. Kenneth Simpson (Russell, Minn.), Sgt. Alex J. Szima (Dayton, Ohio), Cpl. William R. Brady (Grand Forks, N. D.), and Cpl. Franklin M. Koons (Swea City, Ia.). They crossed the barbed-wire strung beach under fire, reached shelter under a beetling cliff.*

2. *Ordered to storm the cliff to knock out two German pillboxes, the four thought they were on a suicide mission. At the cliff's top they found one pillbox empty, but .50 caliber bullets from a machinegun in the other pillbox were striking around them. The party halted behind the first pillbox. "What the hell," Brady said. "We might as well go and get the other one." So they went.*

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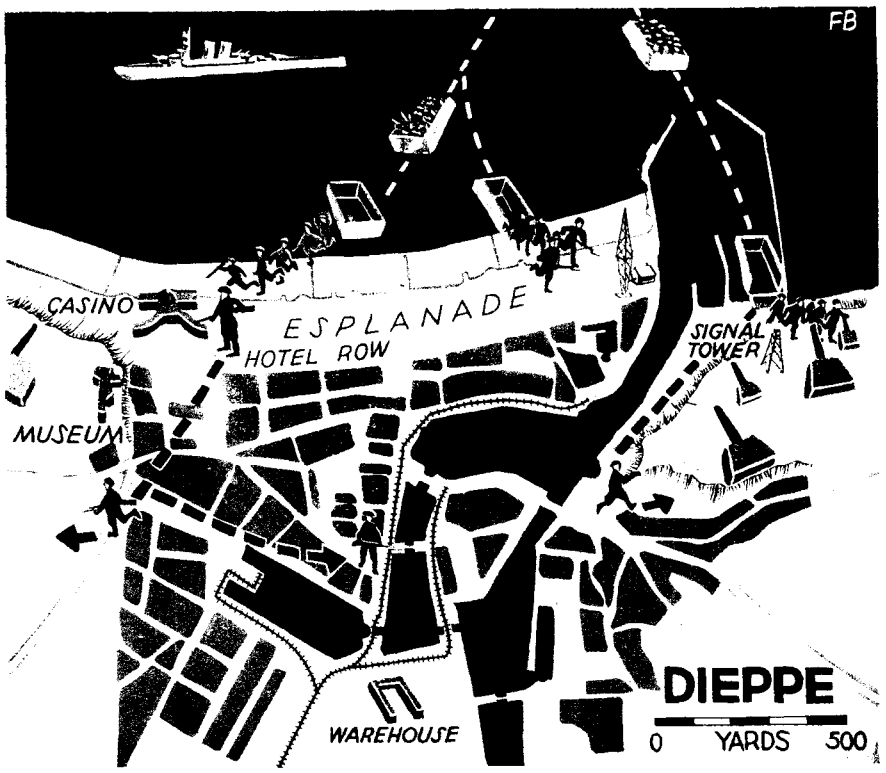

The Dieppe Landing in Detail

But it was the left flank, east of Dieppe, that caught the hell. By an unlucky chance landing parties nearing the beaches at Puys and Berneval were discovered by a Nazi patrol boat which flashed the news to E boats, flak ships and shore batteries. Again, most of those landing were Canadians, although some U. S. Rangers did take part here. They were met and almost wiped out—by murderous fire from every kind of weapon. In the words of Pvt. Erwin J. Moger, of St. Paul, Minn.:

"Boy! They met us with everything—mortar fire, machine guns, rifles, anti-aircraft guns and finally bayonets—but we got there all right."

Yanks saw action up and down the shore line with the Commandos that day, and from them came a few weird tales of unorthodox fighting. Cpl. Franklin M. Koons, of Sioux City, Iowa, reported that his party had run into a German sign reading "Achtung Minen," under which was this English translation: "Attention—Mines."

"We figured this was a bluff, so we said, 'To hell with it,' and went right through," Koons said.

Cpl. William R. Brady, of Grand Forks, N. D., said this party were ordered to scale a 75-foot cliff and knock out a couple of German pillboxes. "It looked like a suicide mission," he said, "but damned if we didn't make it."

One pillbox was found empty and Brady and fellow soldiers were moving on to the next when a British Spitfire obligingly swooped down low and "neutralized" it.

Like a Maneuver

"I believe I was scared when we had to cross a field 200 yards wide under fire," Brady said. "But the British were so damned calm about it that it seemed like a maneuver. You can depend on them."

Sgt. Alex J. Szima said he was proceeding stealthily through a French village when an angry housewife charged out of her door and yelled at him for tramping on her vegetable garden. He didn't stop to argue.

"It was damned funny in the village. While we were walking along, some German guy comes down the steps of the house whistling. He was still whistling when an Englishman named Haggerty cuts him in half with 20 slugs from a tommy gun.

"The German guy's pal leans out of a second-story window and tosses a grenade at us, and Haggerty takes a pot shot at him and misses. A guy named Aikens then tosses a bomb into the window. There is a hell of an explosion and some screams and it is all over."

By 6:30 a. m. most of the heavier shore opposition had been silenced. The Canadians landed on beaches at Dieppe itself. The big hotels facing the promenade had all been shelled and only occasional snipers fired out of them. Tank landers came up and these heavy machines began to rumble through the city streets.

Trickery and Tanks

One detachment moved toward the casino and captured it, although not without plenty of fighting. Another forced its way through narrow cobblestone streets of the city to the old port and fish market districts. A detachment of French Canadians ran into a nest of Nazis and were captured. They were stripped to their shorts and lined up in a courtyard. They thought they were going to be shot. One Canadian then asks the guard for a drink of water. The guard lowered his gun and looked the other way just long enough to get mobbed. The Canadians beat it through the streets to the beach.

Some tanks got beyond the city and wandered around the surrounding countryside. The Dieppe race track was captured and used as an emergency landing field. One British pilot landed his Spitfire there and when unable to get it off the ground destroyed it. Another Yank pilot baled out just over a beach, came down just in time to join a landing party returning home. The Dieppe radio station, used by the Nazis to report on Channel shipping, was demolished. All morning long streaming into the headquarters of Canadian Major Gen. James Roberts aboard a British destroyer off Dieppe were such code messages as "Yellow objective captured," and "Moving on green objective." One tankman radioed that he was traveling down the Dieppe Esplanade and got back a quick answer: "Look out for pillbox on left."

By 10 a. m. it could be said that the Allied forces were in control of the city, although here and there Nazi snipers spat away infrequently. "You would think everything was fine and dandy," said one Hamilton soldier, "and then you would hear a rat-tat-tat down the street."

The aerial protection given by British, U. S. and Czech flyers was a dream. Only once—for 45 minutes around 11 o'clock—did the Nazis seriously try to dispute Allied air supremacy. Then they came over in Stukas, Dorniers and Heinkels. They set fire to some landing craft, but did little other damage. Fully half these planes, moreover, never returned to their airports.

What Did It Mean?

Was it a mere commando raid? The Nazis, who never heard of a raid of 10,000 men, couldn't believe a word. They thought it was the second front sure and simple. When they found out differently their line was to insist that the Allies tried to open a second front, but failed.

But the Allied record on this matter was clear. From the start Allied headquarters insisted that this was positively not the opening of a second front. Not 15 minutes after the first Commandos had landed on French soil the BBC broadcast in French a warning to Dieppe citizens not to rush outdoors and help the Allies and thus expose themselves to later reprisals from the Nazis. The Allies apparently attempted to seize no airport and did not use air-borne troops—and they would do both in case of a real second-front opening. Lord Louis Mountbatten combined operations headquarters fittingly called Dieppe a "reconnaissance in force." Nazi coastal defenses and Nazi air power in the West were tested. Losses were "heavy," but "not unduly so." The Nazis made much of the fact that the Allies lost 28 tanks in the raid; the British said crews had been ordered to blow up tanks, realizing that re-embarkation would be well-nigh impossible.

Re-embarkation began at noon. Nine hours elapsed between the time the first Commando had landed early that morning and the last Allied soldier climbed into his home-going boat that afternoon. The Allied forces steamed back quietly and uneventfully to England, leaving the Nazis in occupied France licking deep and bitter wounds.

3. *Under continual fire from German snipers, all bad shots, they moved up on the second pillbox. As they neared it, two Spitfires came to their aid. The planes swooped low, guns wide open, and put the pillbox out of commission. The four Rangers moved ahead. Six hundred yards ahead they found an orchard in which was concealed an anti-aircraft gun. From their cover they could see the gun crew preparing to fire on the Spitfires.*

4. *The Yanks, reinforced by some British with a Bren gun, cut down the gun crew, some of whom commenced to fire back with small arms. Szima got a bullet hole in his hat. When two Germans in a nearby house joined the skirmish, they were blown out of the window by a Commando in the party. All four Rangers returned safely from Dieppe, were drinking warm English beer with gusto the next day.*

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The War Grows Older —as We Grow Stronger

Three Years of Conflict Have Wrought a Great Change in a Great Nation—a Transition from Peace to War.

IT WAS beautiful late summer weather. In England the trees were weighted with their heaviest green. On the Unter Den Linden the tourists had a double purpose in thinking of home. In America the Yanks were roaring along after another pennant, and the Dodgers were just another National League team. The month was August. The year was 1939.

But while a hundred American football teams began their early fall practice smoke was rising from Embassy chimneys all over Europe, as diplomats burned their most important records and documents. The last international trains crossed the frontiers of Europe. The summer was running out, and with it the peace of the world. At 4:45 A.M. on September 1, three years ago this week, a pasty-faced German wound the clock of death, and its murderous ticking began as the armies of the Third Reich moved across the Polish border.

The American Army could be counted in the hundreds of thousands as Warsaw fell and Poland surrendered. There was no draft. The young men got up every morning and went to work, and when they came home from work they went bowling or to a show or dropped in somewhere for a couple of beers. They were going through the same routine as Hitler knifed into Norway, as he whipped through the Netherlands and Belgium to fall on a bewildered France, whose highly-touted armies crumbled before a method of warfare that had never been seen on earth.

War Moves North

As France fell, the New World woke up. The young men still went to their jobs, but they didn't know how long they'd be working. There was talk in Washington about a draft. Then, while the Luftwaffe dropped death down on grim London and while England was the last, lone bulwark of freedom, the draft came.

Russia and Finland fought while the first young Americans went into camps. While they drilled and trained and sweated the pride of Fascist Italy was being battered into the Libyan sands. While they gained polish the Nazis smashed Greece, smashed Crete, overran the Balkans, became masters of all of Europe. While they maneuvered in the dusty American South the German rose up and smashed the Russian, smashed him back over his steppes, smashed him back behind the defenses of his capital. And then the Russian held.

And then the Russian smashed back, in the very dead of winter, driving Hitler's men into the ground. It was an American Army of 1,500,000 men that watched Russia fight, men well-trained and well-equipped, men ready to move if the moment should come.

Westward the Course . . .

It came on a December morning, with the sound of planes over the Pacific islands. The American Army, stunned, stood poised for a moment, thinking. The American Army thought of the last two years and a half—of a balding, ruddy man standing up and saying "I have nothing to offer but blood, sweat and tears," of bombs over London, over Rotterdam, over Coventry, over Warsaw. The American Army thought of a beetle-browed German parachuting down on English soil, of a megalomaniac counting out the hours in Berchtesgarten, of the dead of China, of a Sunday morning at Pearl Harbor, of the starving people of Greece. The American Army thought of all these things for one stunned moment. And then the American Army moved.

Things Have Changed

Now, as the war goes into its fourth year, American forces are scattered over the face of the earth. The Nazi still is a formidable foe. His war machine, fed with the loot of a rich continent, still has tremendous striking power. But there is a difference.

Hitler is no longer unbeatable. His forces have already known setbacks. The RAF beat the Luftwaffe. The Red Army held its own. And even the German submarine campaign against U. S. shipping is petering out in the face of strong countermeasures. On the third anniversary of the war the United Nations had a higher spirit than ever before. All itched for action. The Dieppe raid was like a shot in the arm to troops impatient for the field. The Marines in the Solomons had at last begun to avenge Pearl Harbor.

The boys who had gone to work in August, 1939, were still working. But the job was a little different, and the clothes were all alike.

And they were striking back—hitting back hard, in the Solomons and in the skies over Europe and on the very earth of Europe, at Dieppe.

A Man's Work

Whatever other lessons were learned at Dieppe, the raid proved that in western Europe at least the Allies have a definite superiority in the air. At first the Nazis sent up over Dieppe a mere 50 Messerschmitts to fight hundreds of Spitfires. It was like sending a boy to do a man's job. The Messerschmitts were swept away like flies. Simultaneously U. S. Flying Fortresses bombed a nest of Focke-Wulf 190's at Abbeville and from a height of 20,000 feet dropped bombs into a target area of 300 yards square. Every building in that area was hit.

The Nazis rushed aerial aid to Dieppe from northern France, Belgium and The Netherlands until they were able to put a force of from 400 to 500 fighters and bombers into the air. One reporter saw four Dornier 17Z's fly out at 6,000 feet to bomb the Allied invasion fleet. The first was hit by anti-aircraft shells and fell into the water. Spitfires got the other three one by one.

Allied air losses for the Dieppe raid were 97 planes down, with 30 pilots saved. Nazi losses were 273 planes destroyed or damaged. This was a third of German air strength in western Europe, and it was pretty certain that one good result of Dieppe was that the Germans would have to call some planes back from Russia to meet the concerted Allied aerial offensive in the west. The day after Dieppe 500 AAF and RAF planes swept over northern France again. It was the war's most remarkable day in the air. Not a Nazi plane was sighted, nor was one Allied plane lost.

To the Ends of the Earth

The war which started three years ago on the Polish-German border has now spread to the last of the earth's six continents. Up until mid-August the United States of Brazil kept a kind of non-belligerency. She had broken diplomatic relations with the Axis, but had no intention of joining the war. Then Nazi submarines began to attack Brazil's unprotected shipping. Five ships were torpedoed, and of more than 800 men, women and children on board, at least 670 were drowned.

The attacks seemed completely pointless. Lacking a well-developed railroad system, Brazil depends largely on coastwise shipping for its interstate and inter-city communications. The ships attacked were all coastwise vessels. Some of them carried Brazilian soldiers. None of the ships could have been aiding the Allied cause.

Action—In a Hurry

Whatever the reason for the Axis attack, Brazilian reaction was firm and immediate. Cariocas deserted offices, stores and factories to hold anti-Nazi demonstrations in the streets. They gathered before President Getulio Vargas's palace demanding retaliation. They burned swastikas, stormed German-owned businesses. More to the point, U. S. and Brazilian airmen patrolling skies over the sea spotted and sank three Nazi submarines.

On August 22 the United States of Brazil declared war against Germany and Italy. President Roosevelt cabled President Vargas, assuring him that Brazil's entry into the war "adds power and strength, moral and material, to the armies of liberty." Brazil's army consists of only about 100,000 trained troops and her navy is composed of only two battleships, two cruisers, eleven destroyers and four submarines. But her contribution to the war can nevertheless be considerable. She has a well-established system of airports that can be used for submarine hunting as well as for the ferry service to North Africa. Moreover, the effect of her action on sister republics of Latin America might be great. Already Uruguay was considering declaring war, and it was possible that Chile might break relations with the Axis. At any rate, the U. S. and the United Nations has a welcome new ally in 43,000,000 Brazilians.

"Another Page"

The Solomon Islands are now listed by a cautious Navy under the "captured" column. Only

An oft-repeated scene: peasants (here Polish) fleeing before the Nazi advance.

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"mopping up" operations remained before the marines would be in undisputed control of these strategically located spots in the south Pacific.

Many details of the first U. S. offensive of this war were still missing, but the character of the fighting on the Solomons was at least hinted at in a communique issued by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander of the U. S. Pacific Fleet. The Japs who survived the initial marine landing on the Solomons simply took to the hills and are still offering trouble. There are still "daily skirmishes between U. S. patrols and enemy detachments."

In mopping up on one of the islands the marines killed an entire Jap detachment to the last of 92 officers and men. No Jap surrendered; "enemy resistance continued until the last man was killed." We lost six men and 13 wounded here.

Lieut. Col. Carlson and Major Roosevelt studying map before the Makin Island raid.

The next night the Japs landed from high-speed boats a force of 700 well-equipped troops. Morning came and the marines moved in. A total of 670 Japs were killed; only 30 were taken prisoners. We lost 28 killed, 72 wounded. Summed up the Admiral: "The marines in the Solomons, who are under the command of Maj. Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift, U.S.M.C., have added another page of history with their outstanding achievement."

Guerrilla Expert

Later, marine activity broke out in Makin Island in the Gilbert group, 1,200 miles from the Solomons and 800 miles north of the U. S. supply route to New Zealand. Here a hit-and-run expedition put ashore, killed 30 Japs, destroyed radio stores and installations, wrecked two seaplanes and sank a gunboat and a transport.

Leading this guerrilla expedition was a man who had made a study of guerrilla tactics in China—Lieut. Col. Evans Fordyce Carlson, former U. S. marine attache at Chungking. Tall, lean Col. Carlson learned to speak Chinese, traveled for months with Chinese guerrillas, crossed Jap lines in the interior of China hundreds of times and studied at first hand Jap ways of fighting. Col. Carlson's second in command was Major James Roosevelt, eldest son of the Commander-in-Chief. In Washington the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, like other parents, sought more news of their son. Even though the President admitted he had some pretty good military "connections," he knew only what he had read in the papers.

Nazi troops estimated at 800,000 have been hurled into the battle for Stalingrad, key city on the Volga. At last reports the Germans were within 40 miles of the city and had broken through at least one of the city's outer defenses. Against the exhilarating news from the Pacific and from western Europe had to be put the sobering fact that the Nazis were still winning in Russia.

Ringside Seat on Rouen Raid

They've been calling the Flying Fortress a lot of names recently: too slow, too lightly armored, too small a bomb capacity. They've been saying the Fortress isn't good enough to run with the pack in the skies of Western Europe.

Maybe this was true of the earlier models, but it isn't now. This week, four Flying Fortresses distinguished themselves over France. They blasted the railroad yards at Rouen with what observers called "fantastic accuracy." They raided Abbeville's nest of fighter planes, hitting every building within a target area of 300 yards square. They made 17 direct hits on targets at Amiens. In a sweep over the North Sea they met 20 Fock-Wulf 190s, the latest and most-dreaded of the Nazi high-altitude fighters, and they shot down a cool dozen of them. And not a Fortress was lost.

This is an account of the first all-American bombing raid on Hitler's Europe—the raid over Rouen on August 17. It was written by Sergeant Kent R. West of Westblocton, Ala., who brought down the first Nazi plane credited to a gunner on a U. S. bomber in this war.

The bomber was a Flying Fortress.

By Sgt. Kent R. West *(Written Exclusively for Yank)*

LONDON—We were gassing in the barracks late one afternoon when they announced over the loudspeaker that we should report to the briefing room at once.

When we got there the C. O. said, "This is it, boys," and we knew we wouldn't have to wait much longer to get that first crack at Jerry. Everyone started to yell and then all ran like hell to the barracks for flying clothes.

When we got back they briefed us and then we all lit out for the planes, still running and yelling. Our plane was the Birmingham Blitzkrieg and she sure was a beautiful sight. We called her that for our pilot, Lt. Tom Borders, a Birmingham boy.

Take-off Quiet

The ground crew already had her belly full of bombs and we got right on board. We quieted down once we got inside. I don't know why, but it didn't seem the place to yell anymore.

We took off smooth, and in no time were up to 22,000 feet, heading for the French coast. We were the last plane in formation and from my seat in the bellyball turret I could see the other planes with their names lettered on them like Stinky and Skunkface and Yankee Doodle. Now and then I could see the guys inside, like you see people in trains when they go past.

Bull-Session

After a while the tension wore off and we began to shoot the bull together, figuring how we'd handle things when the business started. At the Channel we picked up our escorting Spits, with Americans, Canadians, Australians, and British flying them. They sure filled the sky.

When the Spitfires got into position we really headed out, every nose pointed towards France. We crossed the Channel without any trouble and reached the coast. France looked like any other country. From the air, you can't tell what language they speak.

Above Rouen

Our target was the important railway center at Rouen, and our job was to put it out of commission. As we got near I looked down and saw movement on the ground for the first time. There was this innocent-looking field, just like all the other fields, and then all of a sudden there were five planes making tracks across it.

I got a funny feeling. I don't think I was scared and I wasn't exactly nervous, but I wasn't normal either. This was what we'd come for and what we'd all been looking forward to, but it was a little different when you got it.

Then we were over the target. I looked down and saw it right under us. It was like a toy train set you see in stores, only it had more tracks and trains and buildings than any kid could hope for.

Ringside Seat

I had a ringside seat. We started a bombing run and I could see the bombs drop into the yards and the yards sort of heave and break into little pieces. I could see parts of trains flying into the air and big holes where tracks were. I spotted one little train puffing right beside our target and then we let go and then I didn't see the train anymore.

There were dogfights going on all around and the noise was terrific. The boys were really slugging. I saw one Nazi fighter go down in flames, a Spit right on his tail.

We Are Followed

Then we were on our way back and I thought the show was over. Even when old Blitz's motors began to cough and we lagged behind, I thought it was over. I was sitting in the blister, facing the tail and thinking of what had happened, when all of a sudden I spotted three planes behind and below us. I thought they were Spits and then I saw the squared wingtips and knew they were ME 109s.

"That's for me," I said to myself. They were almost in range and right in my line of fire. I guess I was talking out loud to myself, but that didn't bother me then. All I wanted was one of those babies to come into range.

So one of them did. They kept getting larger and then one of them nosed over and came at us wide open. He came straight at the belly and when he was about 800 yards he opened up.

He was a good flyer, but he made one mistake. He flew right into my sights. It was his last mistake.

I waited until he was dead center and then gave him a 30-round burst with the two 50-calibers. I didn't know at first whether I got him because he kept coming in, but then the ME sort of shivered and its nose dropped and then the flames shot out and he started down.

Sgt. West stands beside his Flying Fortress

I felt a little weak, but excited, and looked around for more. The two others didn't wait; they just lit out for home. I just sat back and tried to sit still.

We were getting a little flak from somewhere and the old Blitz took some of it and just shook off the rest. Then we could see the white cliffs of Dover. From then on in it was a pleasure trip.

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NEWS FROM HOME

TEMPERATURE NORMAL

Fine-drawn Tempers Find Their Natural Outlets As U.S. Keeps Its Balance on the Road to Victory

This week, back home, America developed a case of frayed nerves. This was nothing to get alarmed about. In a fighting democracy, frayed nerves are a healthy sign. As Abraham Lincoln once put it, "People just aren't working together when they don't take notice of their neighbors' mistakes and raise a little hell once in a while."

That's exactly what happened this week. As the good news came in from Dieppe, the Solomons and the Gilbert Islands, people bent their backs to the effort of winning the war on the home front. And when they felt that someone was making costly mistakes, or not putting everything he had into the war effort, they just naturally reared back and raised a little hell. The net result was a general increase in effectiveness all over the country.

President Roosevelt sent a letter to all Federal departments and agencies informing them that they were talking too much and that they were spending too much time fighting each other instead of the enemy. Donald M. Nelson, head of the War Production Board, fired all dead wood out of the WPB, and notified the Army and Navy in no uncertain terms that he and he alone was the boss of war production.

Model Marilyn Sable revealed that soldiers didn't kiss her

Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard engaged in an interesting scrap with the farm bloc in Congress over his proposal to repeal the prohibition against farm price ceilings below 110 percent of parity.

H. Oliver West, vice-president of the Boeing Aircraft Plant in Seattle, said that the women in his factory were spending more time flirting than in turning out Flying Fortresses. Women all over the country screamed back with statistics designed to prove that the fair sex makes the best welders, riveters, fitters, and machinists that Brother West could ever hope to see. The Army sent 75 percent of its Public Relations Officers back to active duty in the field. The Department of Commerce announced that Americans had submitted no less than 91,823 complaints about certain aspects of the war effort, with suggestions and inventions for improving them. Major General Hershey, Director of Selective Service, announced that 3 A's would be called up by Christmas, with an aside about Congress holding back the 18 and 19-year-olds until after election day. And Byron Price, the Director of Censorship, bawled out Mrs. Roosevelt for consistently mentioning the weather in her column, "My Day."

Despite all this, however, the upsurge of our mighty productive peak continued.

Steel output during the week was 12,000 tons more than any previous weekly record. The Navy announced that during the month of July, American shipyards turned out more tonnage than was sunk, for the first time since Pearl Harbor. Munitions production increased 16 percent. Aircraft production increased 11 percent. Naval ship construction increaesed 22 percent. A merchant ship, the 10,000 ton Brigham Young, was completed in the phenomenal time of 38 days in the Wilmington, California, shipyards. A two man steel-flange factory in Bay City, Michigan, run by 60-year-old Jake Sparling and 79-year-old Percy Fogelsonger, received an "E" pennant from the Army and the Navy for superlative productive results. Work continued in the Singer plant in Elizabeth, New Jersey, despite a ferocious attack by millions of newly-hatched mosquitoes from the nearby meadows. And an 11-year-old boy named Philip Van Reeth walked into a Chicago Air Force headquarters with an invention that may save hundreds of Army pilots' lives.

Martin Arrouge married Norma Shearer

On the farm front, the story was the same.

Cotton was up 23 points on the New York Cotton Exchange. A new Federal agency was created to handle this year's bumper crops of cotton seed, flax seed, peanuts and soy beans. Lettuce sold for $101 a head at a Cincinnati farmers' fruit auction for the benefit of Army Relief. The corn receipts for the week in Chicago were 4,455,000 bushels. The tremendous stocks of wheat on hand resulted in an acute shortage of storage room all over the country. The nation's dairy industry decreed that hereafter all milk containers would carry slogans to sell war bonds and stamps. Lettuce was up to $7 a crate because the Japanese in California, who used to produce 75 percent of the crop, are now in internment camps. California farms appealed for soldier, sailor and convict help to gather the state's tremendous peach crop. Plans were worked out by the OPA for the establishment of maximum prices for "on the hoof" livestock. And the University of Wisconsin announced that it had developed a synthetic cattle food out of urea, which is better than Vitamin B-1, and which is rapidly converting the Wisconsin cow population into a race of super-bovines.

Aside from this, life went on in America just the same as always.

The United States Rubber Company came up with a cotton and asphalt "sandal" which is guaranteed to add 3,000 miles to the life of an automobile tire. The 15th Annual Horse Traders Convention opened in Almond, New York, with George Kane, the President, sounding the keynote: "There ain't no rationing of oats and hay."

People Back Home—

New Haven, Conn.—C. E. A. Winslow, professor of Public Health at the Yale Medical School, recommended a return to old-fashioned long underwear as a means of cutting down fuel consumption. He asked fashion leaders to glamorize ski suits, which could effectively hide feminine woolie-woolies.

Chicago—Police arrested Ernest J. Crouse, 41, of Tombstone, Ariz., after searching his car. They found a 12-gauge shotgun, a .22 rifle, a .38 caliber pistol, a toy revolver, two jars of scorpions, a number of rattlesnake skins, gold washing pans, cooking utensils, a cot, an ounce of gold dust and $24 in cash.

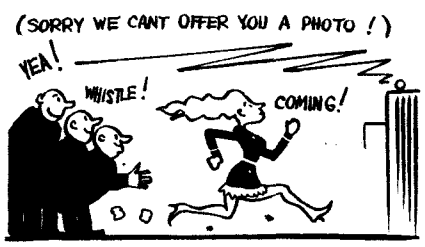
Crowell, Texas—A passenger train on the Santa Fe Railroad was stopped when a herd of stampeding buffalo blocked the right of way. The animals, semi-wild, had escaped from the ranch of Dr. J. M. Hill.

Boston—The Rev. Father Edward Dowling, S.J., Jesuit writer and lecturer, told the opening of the Boston College School of Catholic Action that petting is "a social poison and love's foe." Modern courtship, he said, is "too often a systematic conspiracy of mutual deception."

Los Angeles—Police, conducting a campaign against youthful gangdom, picked up 300 teen-age boys and girls in one weekend. Confiscated personal effects included revolvers, knives, short chains, crank handles and rocks.

Augusta, Me.—State Representative Benjamin Bubar Jr. of Weston, well known opponent of State lotteries, tied with D. Herman Corson for the Republican nomination for the legislature. Bubar won when the two drew lots.

Grants Pass, Ore.—A German, picked up for failing to register as an alien, claimed that since he had had a religious rebirth, he was not a citizen of Germany, but a citizen of the world.



Birmingham—An enthusiastic young lady in the Auxiliary Territorial Service rushed madly to her post when the air raid alarm sounded. Sobered by cold wind about her legs, she looked down, gasped and went back home for the trousers of her uniform.

Chicago—Tiny Tim Baskin (6 feet, 6 inches; weight 366) trimmed down to 241 pounds and a 42 shirt-size to meet Army standards. The draft board promised to overlook his extra inch of height.

Cartersville, Ga.—FBI arrested Nubie Glynn Bagley, 42-year-old farmer, on charges that he threatened to kill members of his draft board if they classified him as 1-A. At the time of his arrest Bagley was unmarried, unclassified.

Los Angeles—The 24th annual convention of the California American Legion adopted resolutions calling for (1) deportation of all Japanese, alien and citizen, after the war; (2) a constitutional amendment barring Japanese descendants from citizenship; (3) a Navigation Law amendment barring Japanese from owning or operating fishing boats in American waters.

Cincinnati—Horse-and-buggy report: Lawrence Siebenshuh, 17, was booked for reckless driving after the horse he was riding ran into an automobile.

New York—Miss Mary Niklas, 19, of the Music Hall ballet nosed out 49 other applicants to become Park Avenue columnist for The Hobo News. Qualifications set forth in the employment ad: "Wanted: Young writer—preferably social registerite or debby to pen column on Park Avenuites. Vital type. Must write with plenty of gusto."

Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Bill Brent, deputy sheriff, spent the day warning people not to leave valuables in unlocked cars while the circus was in town. He finished his work, returned to his car and found that someone had stolen his new pants from it.

New York—It finally happened in real life. Police at the Pan-American hangar at LaGuardia Field stopped a package that ticked and gave it a thorough oil bath. A consignment of navigation stop-watches was sent to the jeweler for repairs.

San Quentin, Calif.—Barney Lee, 14, San Quentin's youngest prisoner, left for the Preston State School of Industry at Ione, where he will be under the experimental care of the Youth Correction Authority until he is at least 21. He was sentenced to San Quentin for the slaying of his uncle.

Boston—Some 465 inmates of State's Prison contributed a pint of blood each to the Red Cross for the armed forces.

Glendale, Calif.—Eaton J. Merchant, whom the Union Army rejected in 1861 because of poor health, died at the age of 101.

Westport, Conn.—This town, which originated the Declare War Now committee long before last December, held a military ball to prove it is the "best-prepared, most war-minded and fightingest" town of its size in U. S.

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Immediate distribution of paychecks for dependents of men in the armed forces was authorized by the Treasury Department.

Thirteen babies were expected in West Milford, New Jersey, and an emergency call went out for doctors to handle the overflow. Singing telegrams were banned for the duration. The American Automobile Association reported that general highway traffic had dropped off more than 30 percent throughout the country. The Middle West faced gasoline rationing, as 5,000 tank cars were diverted to provide fuel oil for the hard-pressed East Coast. A song named "Be Careful, That's My Heart" jumped from Number Nine to Number Three on the Hit Parade. The Kershaw County Fair in Camden, South Carolina, featured a huge freak hog and broke all attendance records. Babe Ruth and

The Rev. Kurt Molzahn was convicted on espionage charge

Walter Johnson pulled in $80,000 for Army and Navy Relief in an exhibition in the Yankee Stadium. In Utica, New York, an ex-prizefighter named Phil Allen was killed in a brawl resulting from a spaghetti party celebrating his release from the Onondaga Penitentiary. And a theatre marquee in San Diego advertised a double feature in the following manner: "OPEN ALL NIGHT . . . The Fleet's In . . . The Lady Is Willing."

Gerhardt Wilhelm Kunze, former fuehrer of the German-American Bund, was sentenced to 15 years in prison by a Federal court in Hartford, Connecticut. The Chicago Tribune, the New York Daily News and the Washington Times-Herald were exonerated by a Federal Grand Jury in Chicago of charges that they gave away military information to the enemy. A Philadelphia pastor named Kurt Molzahn was found guilty of espionage. A German spy named Herbert Karl Friedrich Bahr, who came to this country masquerading as a Jewish refugee, went on trial for his life in Newark, New Jersey.

President Roosevelt warned the Axis that the United Nations are compiling a blacklist of Axis "hangmen" for terrible retribution after the war. Jim Farley's man, John J. Bennett, beat President Roosevelt's man, Senator James Mead, in a fight for the New York democratic gubernatorial nomination on the floor of the party convention in Brooklyn. The White House announced that Wendell Willkie would go to Russia, the Near East and China as the President's personal envoy. And the Army-decreed dimout went into effect up and down the length of the Pacific Coast.

Colin Kelly's four-year-old son was elected an honorary life member of the Legion of Valor.

In North Jersey, they faced the threat of an air attack—from mosquitoes. Heavy rains and swollen streams have given the Jersey giants a breeding opportunity that will be felt when they launch their fall offensive.

On the minus side of the defense ledger could be entered the name of Frederick W. Bilgeshouse, convicted in Newark, N. J., on charges of sabotaging war plant equipment. And in Chicago Charles H. Wellman, son of a Dorchester, Mass., clergyman, was on his way to prison for draft evasion. He signed up for selective service, but didn't show when he got his call for physical examination.

Meanwhile in Imperial Valley, Cal., thousands of U. S. troops began desert maneuvers. Aim of the Southern California war games is to condition men for desert warfare anywhere. Heat conditions in the

One of the first checks for soldiers' dependents is examined by Col. T. Hughes as it comes out of machine in Washington, D. C.

valley are a fair equivalent of Libya. The maneuver area spreads into three states, giving G.I.'s plenty of dry, hot sand to cover in their prebattle tests.

A press agent in New York cracked the papers with a beautiful story about a Wichita model named Marilyn Sable who claimed that she just couldn't get a soldier-date to kiss her.

A four-foot alligator was killed in Lake Mindowaskin, New Jersey. An abandoned Navy blimp crashed in the streets of Daly City, California. Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, warned that "alcohol causes national degeneracy." Five small boys on bicycles held up another boy on a bicycle in Brooklyn, and robbed him of $28.25. Rubberneck sightseeing tours were eliminated by the Office of Defense Transportation. The Police Gazette was banned from the mails for too much. A training aircraft carrier, the Wolverine, was launched on Lake Michigan by the Navy.

An Army captain named David Carr was kill by his wife at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, and was thereupon discovered to have had three other wives on the side.

Superior Judge Westrick of California married a New York actress named Ann Winslow.

Norma Shearer married a Sun Valley ski instructor named Martin Arrouge.

In New York, Linda Lee, the radio singer, died in an apparently accidental fall from a seven-story window.

A man in Long Island was arrested for shooting seagulls with a trick cane. The Public Relations Section at Fort Des Moines came out with the breathless announcement that the average WAAC is an unmarried brunette, 26, and weighing 132 pounds. And James J. Tully, the democratic candidate for sheriff of McLean County, Illinois, made full preparations for conducting his election campaign from the drill grounds of an Army camp. He was drafted last week.

Washington—Senator Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina and Mrs. Reynolds, the former Evalyn Walsh McLean, expect the stork sometime this fall. Asked about a rumor to that effect, the Senator said, "Well, that's one thing I can't deny."

Hutchinson, Kans.—The war blocked F. W. Hoeme's plan to build a house on his farm, so he bought a house in town to move to the country. He gave up the idea when he found he would have to chop down a whole streetful of trees. He bought another, but neighbors refused to let him leave an unsightly hole in their neighborhood. No home for Hoeme.

San Francisco—The Navy announced that Lyle Steach, 15, a dishwasher at Moffett Field, had confessed to two attempts to set fire to a warehouse containing $50,000 worth of naval stores. He wanted to quit his job, the Navy said, and his mother wouldn't let him, so he decided to burn the place down.

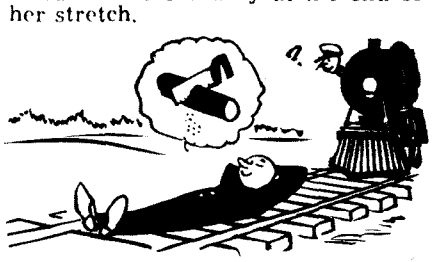
St. Louis—William C. Garrett, worker at the Curtiss-Wright Company, got his weekly paycheck: 6 cents. His salary is $41; his War Bond allotment, $40; Social Security and insurance deductions, 94 cents. Garrett, a former farmer, is living off the money he got earlier for a big crop of razor-back hogs.

Columbus, Ohio—The State Industrial Relations Dept. brought out an old statute banning women from becoming cab drivers.

Miami Beach—War casualty of the week was the mustache of Cpl. Clark Gable of the Air Forces officer candidate school. Hollywood or no Hollywood, nobody here under the rank of first lieutenant can sport a duster.

Los Angeles—Frank Fay, comedian, up for collection of a $600 bill, pleaded poverty and turned his pockets inside out to show he had only $3. Asked the court: "Haven't you a wallet in your hip pocket?" Answered the defendant: "I haven't even got any hip pocket." Court adjourned.

Mineola, N. Y.—Miss Barbara Lucy Taylor, who wrecked fifteen police booths in a year-long feud with traffic cops, was sentenced to 90 days in the pokey and ordered banished from the county at the end of her stretch.



Berlin, Md.—Fred Parsons, 60-year-old teamster, went to sleep between the rails of the railroad track. A locomotive tender and two freight cars passed over him before the engineer could stop. He found Parsons uninjured, still asleep.

Boston—Brass hats of the Boston Symphony Orchestra hinted that the outfit may join the American Federation of Musicians, ending a two-year feud with James C. Petrillo, union president who threatened to blacklist Springfield Auditorium and Smith College for engaging non-union musicians.

New York—Columbia University announced that it will give four semi-intensive courses in Japanese this fall.

Summit, N. J.—Anthony Senegra decided to finish his dinner before turning out the lights in his home for a test blackout. He got the check —$25—from Police Court.

Hollywood—Mrs. George Zarzana, farmwife of the suburb of Roosevelt, had to drop out of her role in a radio show with her fellow airplane spotter, Henry Fonda. Her husband couldn't spare her from the haying.

Joliet, Ill.—The tall corn season came again to plague Warden Edward M. Stubblefield of Statesville Penitentiary's honor farm. Three convicts wandered off between the towering rows—all in one week, but in separate strolls.

St. Louis—Mrs. Mary Catherine Haislip Williams, 17, whose sailor husband was reported missing after the Battle of Java Sea, married Ray Johnson, Jr. Bigamy charges were brought by the sailor's mother, who thinks he's still alive.

Tulsa, Okla.—Police stopped an argument between a man and his wife and booked both for disorderly conduct. The brawl started when he picked her up in a cab. She didn't like his riding up in the front seat with the woman cab-driver.

Philadelphia—A policeman found Chester Zygmond sitting on a bed, firing a revolver at the walls and ceiling. "Trying to kill yourself?" roared the gildersleeve. "Yep," said Zygmond, "but a man't gotta practice first." Reckless use of firearms, said the court, after 36 empty shells had been counted.

Philadelphia—Temple University planned a new course for its fall opening: Swahili, the language spoken by 180,000,000 Africans. The Swahilian vocabulary consists of 1,000 words.

Kansas City—The telephone company began looking around for words beginning with "ax" after hordes of subscribers demanded to have their numbers changed. All of the complaints came from customers in the "Axis" exchange.

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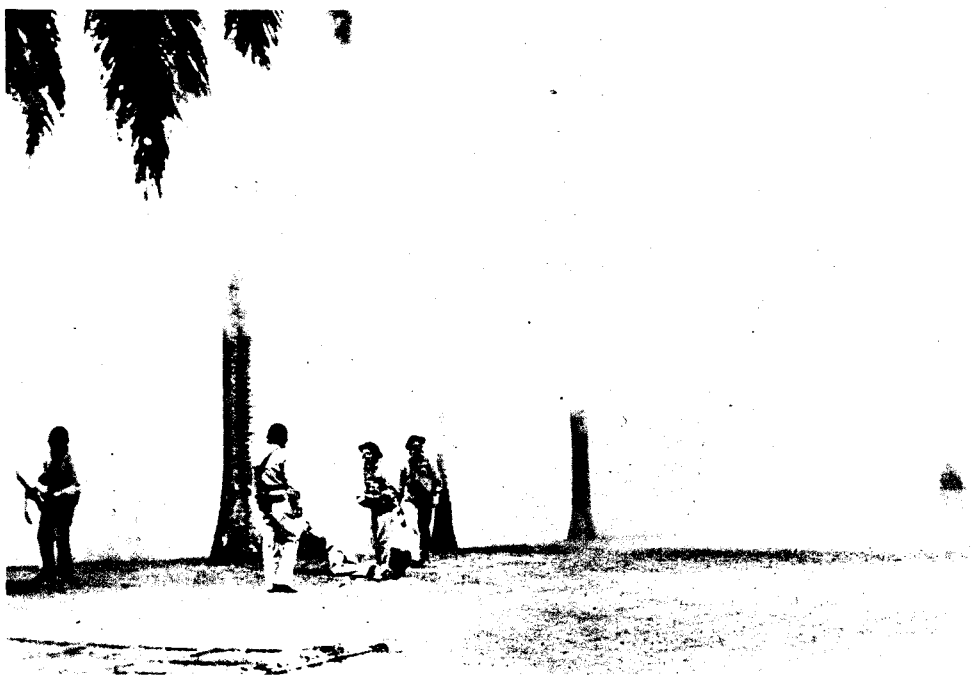
In England, these Yanks enjoy the company of Joan Taylor who took a break in her canteen to join them — in conversation.



In Hawaii, troops engage in maneuvers clouded by a realistic gas attack. In these war games the island defenses were thoroughly tested.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LIQUOR TO STEW AND BRAID TO BIKES

AUSTRALIA

Australians See Every Uniform Except Roxy Usher's These Days

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Like all the theatres of war that involves so many nations, Australia today is filled with soldiers of many countries—fortunately all on our side.

In addition to the Aussies themselves and the Americans, you see some Englishmen over here, some Filipinos waiting grimly for the day when they can help recapture their own land, and occasional Dutchmen, no less determined to double back on the tracks the Japs forced them to make.

By the Braid Shall They be Known

The Dutch are perhaps the most impressive, from the point of view of uniforms. Their lieutenants and captains wear stars, giving an American viewing them, at first glance the impression that in the Netherlands generals are selected at an awfully young age. Australian officers, up to a Brigadier—a rank roughly equivalent to our Brigadier General—wear shoulder insignia consisting of various combinations of crowns and pips, the latter being little metal knobs shaped more or less like ornamental buttons. Brigadiers and generals can be readily identified by the gaudy red plumage they sport on their lapels and hats.

We don't see many Australian generals, of course, but we have spent a lot of time with the Aussie soldiers—the diggers—some of whom have been fighting our war for three years and, though glad to have us around now to help them out, don't seem disposed toward slackening their pace.

Many of them, veterans of Greece, Crete, and the early North African campaigns, have already taken the worst the Germans have to give and would like nothing better than to show the Nazis' Oriental stooges how warmly they can harbor a grudge. It's hard to believe sometimes that the Australians we meet in town or, less frequently, at our camps are the battlescarred heroes of Tobruk, but every now and then one of them casually mentions a wound incurred on the Desert, or pulls out a souvenir coin taken from an Italian prisoner months ago and thousands of miles away.

The Aussies Are Quiet Fellows

The Aussies are not apt to talk at length about their exploits unless pressed, and this reticence sometimes causes them suffering at the hands of less hardened warriors who can't refrain from narrating in great detail the exciting interludes of their own comparatively tame careers.

One digger, a surviver of several Middle East campaigns who spoke matter-of-factly of the perilous evacuation his outfit made when the Nazi wave engulfed the last tenable inch of Greece, was asked the other night if, after associating with countless Americans lately, he had any criticisms to make of them.

"Well," he said after some reflection, "I wouldn't mind if you bloody blokes would stop telling me about the toughness of the Louisiana maneuvers."

Our camp site, if it weren't for the wallabies and the un-American lizards that inhabit it along with us, might easily be taken by a Dixie woodman for one of his native forests. Our tents are the same old pyramidals used so often in the field back home, our roads get just as muddy when it's wet and just as dusty when it's dry, and our first sergeants are just as reluctant as ever to give up passes.

Passes Are Few and Far Between

Actually, we receive far fewer passes now than ever before; any soldier here who can manage to get a day off every couple of weeks regards himself as a favored child of fortune.

We have a few recreational establishments in camp. Post exchanges are scattered throughout, selling us tax-free cigarettes at six pence (nine cents) a package, fruit juices, shaving cream, and ice cream, all but the latter convoyed over here for our benefit. Then, too, there are outdoor movies, shown in a clearing in the woods while thousands of G.I.s sit on the ground in front of the screen and yell "Louder!" at the sound-control man, just as if they were at the Paramount. It's a strange feeling, balancing on a log somewhere in Australia, with the Southern Cross overhead, wondering if the experts will be able to answer all the questions on a sixteen millimeter and much-traveled edition of Information Please.

Sgt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

ENGLAND

Except for the Rot Gut Liquor, London Is Not So Bad, Really

LONDON — British customs are catching on with the Yanks. First it was the swagger stick, with which a few U. S. officers started putting on the dog, and now it gives the bicycle. In one outfit, two-thirds of the men own English bikes, which they use on pass or furlough.

These British jobs, which civilians in nearby towns sell for £3 to £10 (that's $12 to $40 in Brooklyn), have no coaster brakes. You have to stop the damned things with hand-brakes, which is nice work if you can remember it.

Cabbies Clip G.I.'s

The bicycles—hand-brakes and all—are an improvement over London taxicabs. The cab-drivers know that a lot of American soldiers know from nothing when it comes to shillings and pence, so the cabbies take them for a ride, literally and figuratively. To top the short-changing, they use the old short-cut racket — 12th Street to 14th Street by way of 29th — to run up the meter. Two GI's on pass in London counted three out of seven cabbies one night who tried to short-change them three to sixpence. The House of Commons is looking into the matter.

The only other trouble American soldiers find here is mean liquor. There is an acute shortage of good stuff here and the poison you get in the back room costs too much and is sometimes little more than grain alcohol.

The London life, except for the occasional taxicab shark and the rotgut, isn't at all bad, though. The British sometimes fare worse from the Americans, especially when they run up against the Hallowe'en spirit of Yanks and Canadians, who were ravin' for action before the raid on Dieppe and loosed pent-up emotion in typical American fashion.

Baby-Switching Beats Boredom

One bunch of Canadians, especially restless, took up some emotional slack when they came upon a long queue of baby-carriages outside a store. While the mammas were inside shopping, the Canadians switched all the babies. Some of the mothers didn't discover the swaps until they had got home and changed their kids diapers. It took the better part of a day to untangle the families.

A group of Yanks, stationed at the water-front, made a house-to-house canvass asking housewives for cats, to be used ostensibly for rat-catching. "Bring your cats to the post office," they said, "Saturday at 1 P.M. The Saturday afternoon schedule at the post office was shot to hell when hundreds of women showed up with cats.

The Americans are eager and impatient for action, but it's tough on the English.

Service Clubs Plenty Homey

The nearest thing to home that an American can find in London is one of the service clubs of the American Red Cross. Among the less important things he can get there are bed and breakfast for two shillings and sixpence, a hamburger dinner for a shilling, a cup of real American coffee and shelves of books by American authors. Better than that, he can find real American coca cola for the British equivalent of five cents.

There are two of these clubs now in London and one each in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland; and Belfast, Londonderry, Donnpatrick, Castle Wellan and Kilkeel, Northern Ireland.

One of the heaviest burdens lifted off the shoulders of most U. S. troops was the gas mask. British civilians have long since hung theirs at home because they were too cumbersome, but service men and women in the British forces had to carry theirs wherever they went. The British lifted the regulations a few days ago to save wear and tear on uniforms. Now the U. S. has followed suit.

It is still up to the individual company commander whether his men wear their respirators

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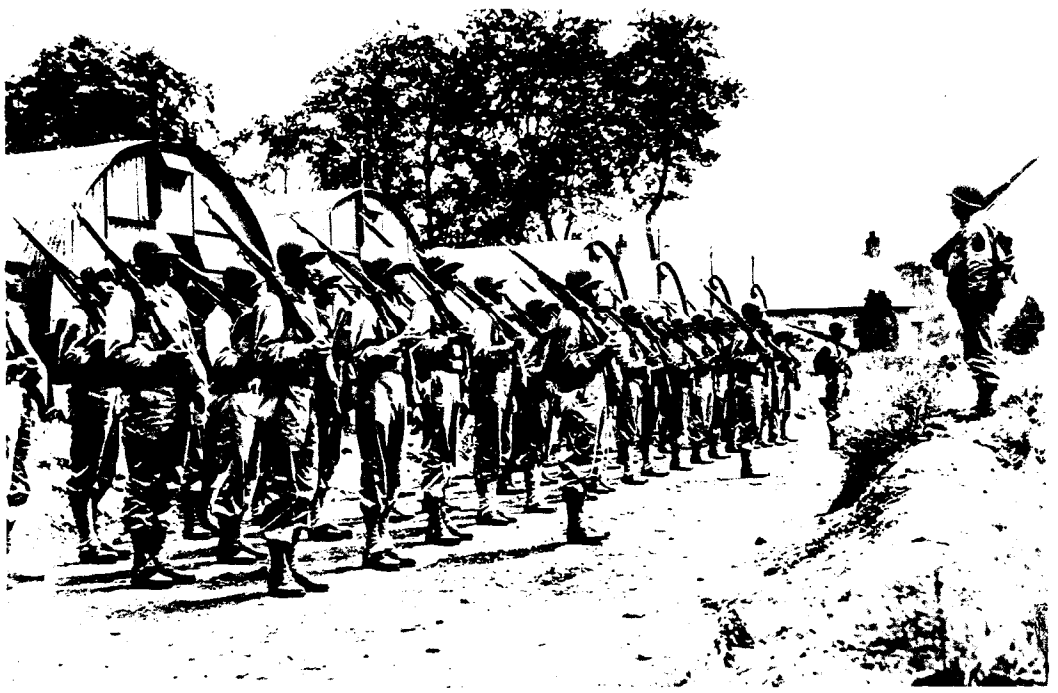

In North Ireland, these U.S. Negro troops fall in for a day of hard training. The A.E.F. in England and Ireland is being steadily increased.

In Dutch Guiana, a Yank gun crew is inspected. This post is one of many that guard valuable bauxite mines.

or leave them at home. In or around London it's the general practice to leave them, but in the camps men are usually told to wear them when on pass or furlough.

The British added a new term to their language this week. The light-colored trousers which the officers wear are called "pinks" by the Americans. The Limeys, who get a big kick out of them, call them "pansy pants."

FROM YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

ALL OVER THE JOINT

G. I. Cooks Turn Out Everything But Creamed K. P.'s on Toast

Anyone who files into a mess hall for a taste as well as nourishment is living in a fool's paradise, and the following items prove it.

The Caribbean troops known as Bushmasters, or High Fahrenheit Commandos, have developed a nauseous little dish called "sardine pudding," which is threatening to become a staple in their diet.

This item was invented by Cpl. Arnold E. Reeves of Brevard, N. C., in a moment of severe depression, and he now wishes he'd stood in bed. He was on a recon party that was lost in the jungle and also hungry. All they had was hard tack, water, and sardines. The majority had already decided to starve when Reeves hit on his work of art, terrifying in its simplicity as well as its appearance. He merely took a box of hard tack, soaked it in water until soft (9 weeks), added 6 cans of sardine, and brought to a boil.

The recon party took one taste and ran all the way back to the base.

On the other side of the scale are the West Coast soldiers, who are being deluged with California fruits and vegetables. This fact is unappreciated by the boys from the Middle West, who consider anything green as just not ripe. Anything other than meat 'n' potatoes is an invention of the devil, and an avocado is simply a banana that didn't make good.

However, these gastronomic troubles are nothing compared to those in Australia where the lads are soon to be eating hay. Or anyway a reasonable facsimile called lucerne, which is just chockful of vitamins A and C. They're going to get it in soup, which after all is something. We were in the army eight months before we even got soup.

By a Former Cook on the Staff

G. I. Joe **by Sgt. Dave Breger**

"I wish you'd cable your Mother to learn how to wrap taffy!"

OUR OWN CAPITAL

Our Washington Man Reports On Chow at the C-I-C's House

The chow at the White House is okay, even if you don't get seconds on everything. I can state this as a positive fact, having just come from lunch with Mrs. Roosevelt, who is also okay.

The lunch was originally supposed to have been a simple interview, but at the last minute the phone rang in YANK's Washington office and a female voice came direct from the White House.

"Mrs. Roosevelt would like to know if you can come to lunch today," the voice said. "If it isn't too much trouble."

"Well," I said, weighing the issue carefully. "I think I can make it."

"Fine," the voice said. "One o'clock at the front gate."

The White House is that clean building with pillars, separated from Pennsylvania Avenue by a well-kept lawn, a high fence, and a lot of nosey guards, all first sergeant types.

Promptly at one o'clock I presented myself at the gate, freshly scrubbed and smelling from G.I. soap, and informed the guards of my appointment.

Fifteen minutes later the guards stopped sneering enough to examine my credentials and allow me to continue on up the driveway. It was obvious they were more accustomed to gold braid than stripes on the sleeve.

Waiting on the steps of the White House were three more guards and a dignified gentleman in black, who ushered me into a large hall and snatched my hat before I could make a move. No sooner had he disappeared into the wings than another gentleman in grey came and looked me up and down.

"Sergeant Bernstein from YANK, The Army Newspaper, Representative of the Masses," I said nervously.

"Hmmm," the gentleman said. There were more guards in the hall and they all packed guns.

"See Mrs. Roosevelt," I explained.

"So?" the gentleman asked. The guards moved closer.

"Lunch," I muttered, looking for my hat.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, all right," the gentleman said, biting his lip. He led the way through the hall into a smaller room, done in red, and motioned me to be seated. "Make yourself comfortable," he said in a voice that suggested all the seats were wired.

The room had a high ceiling, a fireplace, and a large portrait of Theodore Roosevelt. There were two sofas and a half dozen chairs arranged in an orderly fashion. On a mantelpiece was a clock, which said ten minutes to nine. My watch said one-fifteen. I set my watch back to ten minutes to nine.

I sat on the edge of one of the sofas so as not to make a dent in the plush. After a while the gentleman in grey reappeared, "Mrs. Roosevelt," he announced in a low monotone.

I leapt to my feet, falling over a chair. Mrs. Roosevelt entered. She was dressed in white and looked like her pictures, only nicer. We shook hands.

"How do you do," Mrs. Roosevelt said.

"How do you do," I said.

We went in to lunch.

Lunch was served in another high-ceilinged room done in white. This room had a fireplace, a portrait of John Tyler, and a clock that said half-past six. I set my watch back to half-past six.

Chow consisted of cantaloupe, steak, baked potato, lima beans, a dessert like crepes suzette, and iced coffee. The steak was a little rare, but good. The beans were fresh. There were no seconds for anything except the crepes suzette and coffee, but the coffee ran out before it came to me and I only got a glass and a half. I wasn't thirsty anyhow.

Eating in the White House is nothing like eating in a mess hall. Not only do you eat off plates—you also don't wait in line, you get napkins, you get fingerbowls, you get steak, you get to sit next to the President's wife.

During the meal we conversed on various topics, among them the weather, chickens, post-war economics, the enlisted man, and Seattle, Wash., where Mrs. Roosevelt has relatives.

After lunch the First Lady showed me around the parts of the White House that aren't forbidden to visitors. The place is in pretty good shape, I am happy to report, although they were making a few alterations. There is also a very nice view of the Jefferson Memorial from the back porch.

We ended our tour back in the entrance hall and Mrs. Roosevelt and I again shook hands.

"Goodbye," Mrs. Roosevelt said.

"Goodbye," I said.

The dignified gentleman in black gave me my hat and ushered me to the door. Two burly guards with revolvers followed me to the gate.

"So long, sarge," one of them said as I went out into the street.

"So long," I said.

I took my time walking along the sidewalk in front of the White House, which is forbidden to pedestrians.

Sgt. Walter Bernstein
YANK Staff Writer

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He can't do much jive with his arm in a sling but cheek to cheek is just as good for Wade Nelms, of Georgia, who was wounded in the Philippines. He's dancing with Beth Hardie at a dance for Fort Dix, N. J. convalescents.

When Sgt. Nickolas James is permittec from Fort Meade, Md., he makes all ha: Long Island, New York, to visit the three elephants whose trainer he wa: to train himself. Here's the Sarge letting go with a few orders. The nex "To the rear . . . har-r-ch!" (Remember, Jumbo, turn to the right whe

WAR DOG Only a few weeks ago Billy, a white collie, was a pet; now he's being trained by soldiers in Dallas, Tex., to attack any saboteur who might be prowling around a war plant.

CHECK-UP. Just before inspection, Pvt. Clovis Neoy, DeQueen, Ark., bore of a large howitzer, on the lookout for that dang it's too late. We'd rather see a battalion of Japs through that baby than

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bsent himself
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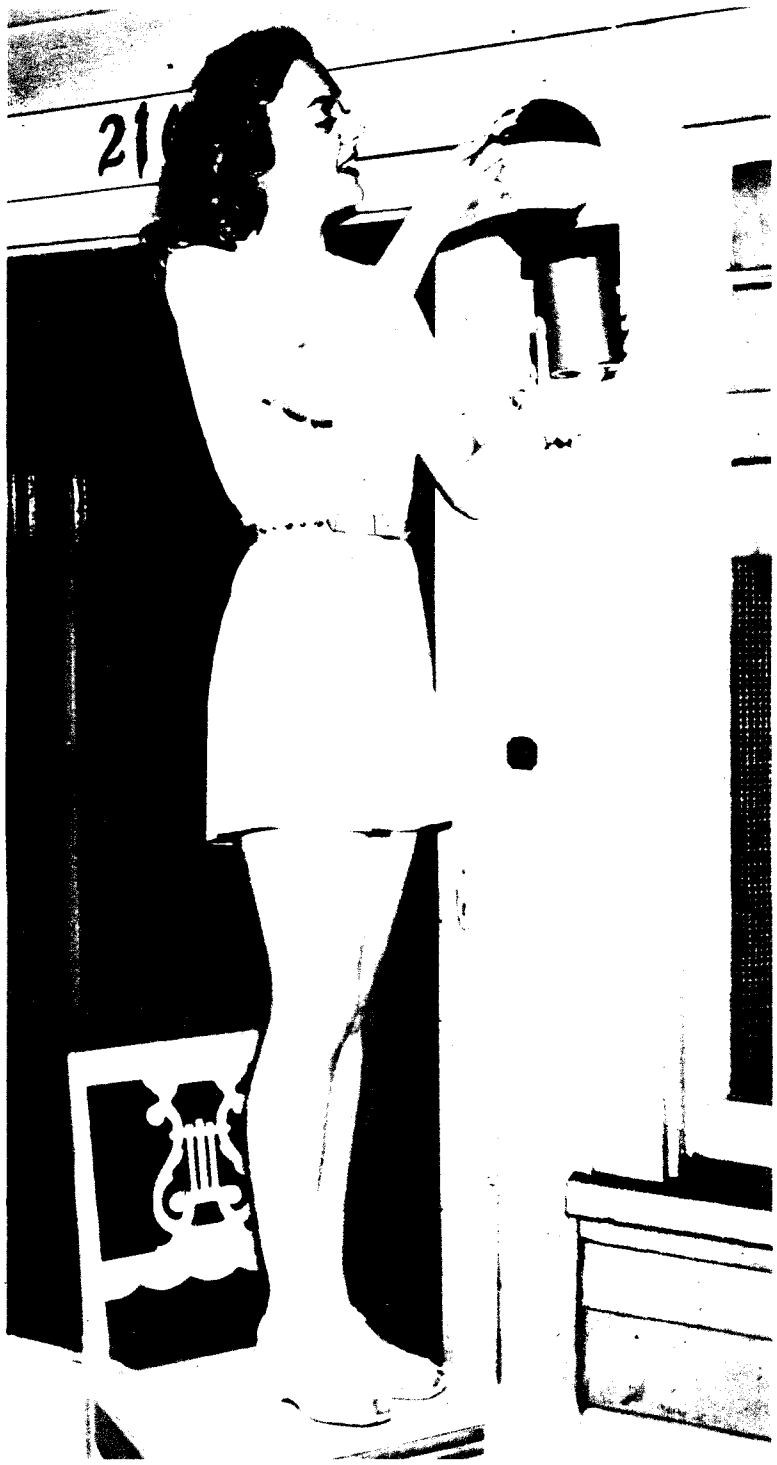
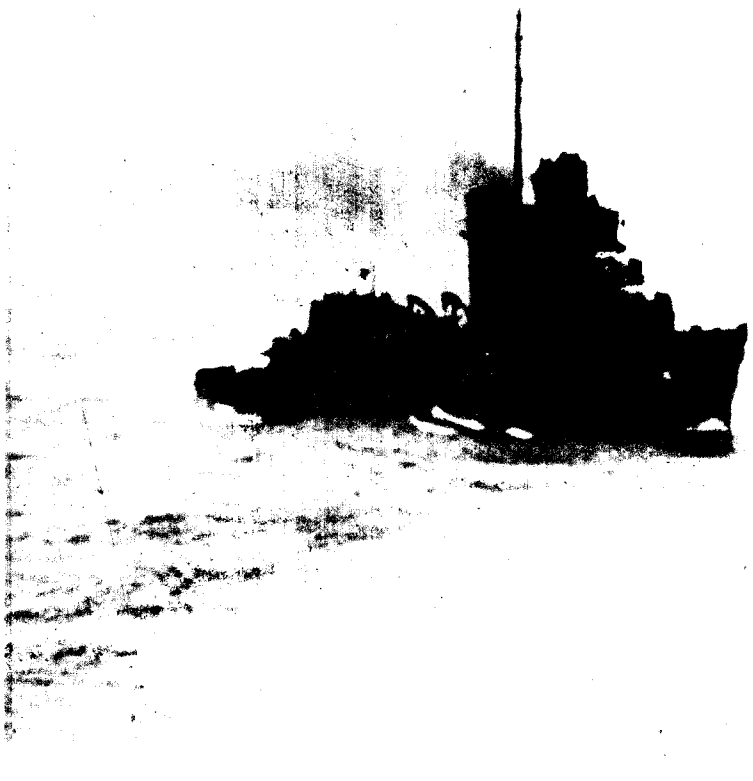
s dust before
Neoy's face.



Hollywood actress Leslie Brooks paints a black cap on her porch light to reduce the glow after the Army's new dim-out order. Regulations didn't put her in the shade!

It's not every day you lads can get these three lovelies in one photo. Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake are shown in a scene from their new movie in which they sing something called "A Sweater, a Sarong and a Peek-a-Boo Bang."



This picture was taken from an aircraft carrier as a plane-guard destroyer cut sharply astern to rescue the pilot and gunner of a scout bomber, nose in the sea. The bomber had crashed in the water when its fuel gave out after a long scouting flight over the Pacific. Everything will be jake in a few moments now, with the Navy in control of the situation.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

SHINOLA O'PEAL

There once was a sergeant named
John E. O'Peal;
He claimed he was Irish and
walked on his heel,
He browbeat and bullied from
morning till dusk
And God help the man with some
metal in rust.

Now J. E. O'Peal had the esprit
de corps,
Though his manners were truly
as sharp as a boar;
When bright work did glisten and
metal did shine
O'Peal wore a look that was al-
most divine.

I've seen many a sight with these
old eyes of mine
And there's nothing as pretty as
bright work in shine;
So from private to sergeant he
jumped in short span.
He owes most of his rates to the
Shinola can.

Now some people drink and
many more smoke,
But I never knew John to take
even a coke.
His day was complete and his at-
titude fine
If all buckets and buckles and
brackets did shine.

Now J. E. had service—his stripes
numbered three;
He had sailed all the oceans and
every last sea,
Done duty in China, in Guam,
and Haiti,
But, hell, was I glad when they
shipped him from me.

Sergeant W. D. Cahill

NOSE, MEET ARMY

Since I've entered into service
Varied odors haunt my days,
Wafting through my little tent
flap
With each vagrant breeze that
plays.

At one end of our battalion
Breathes a sump pit, dour and
dank.
If the wind should change it
brings me
Burning garbage, just as rank.

Just before the tar-clad ware-
house,
Where our company street ends,
Flies commune about some shack-
ing
That the very air offends.

One thing, Army, one thing only,
Makes this life not bad to bear.
It's my tried and trusty gas-mask,
Built for twenty-four-hour wear.

Pvt. Al Hine

PENNILESS SERENADE

Fort Bragg, N. C., August —. Fort Bragg recently began a three-months experimental plan of non-credit, cash-on-the-line, no canteen books, etc.

Under the spreading fiscal blight
The Ninth Division stands
Bereft of credit, pockets light,
And nothing in its hands;
And solvent soldiers, flush with
coin
Are scarce as rubber bands.

The rainy day is here at last,
Migawd, how it doth pour!
The day of canteen checks is past,
The wolf is at the door.
No credit, trust, or "on account"
At any G.I. store.

The early part of every month
(The War Department states)
You get your dough and out you
go
Quite rich (at Army rates).
But don't forget, oh Croesus new,
That dough—it circulates.

No more the friendly canteen
book,
To yank you out of hock,
And thirty leering days await
To limp around the clock,
With seven hundred hours of
Disbursements by the flock.

Young man of substance, wam-
pum, pelf,
Some grim retrenchments lurk;
Two strikes have just been called
on you
To lessen paper work;
And credit now is down the drain
To spare the audit clerk.

Oh, thrift and care and saving-
ness,
Economy and lack,
Are things you'll need to make
ends meet
Till ponton books come back.
(Until when, you will pony up;
Yea, you will hold the sack).

Dust off those double entry-books
Take stock of all your kale;
Credit, debit, balance up,
Recheck the dreary tale;
Move over, Churchmouse, little
pal,
It's either you or jail!

Pfc. J. Don Peel

INDIAN HARA KIRI

There was an old man from New
Delhi;
When asked would he fight he
said, Well, he
Thought maybe not.
You know what he got?
A Japanese knife in his belly.

Capt. Victor Strauss
Somewhere in the Caribbean

MAIL CALL

I am asking one Pvt. Elbert Thomas (YANK, No. 4) for an apology, on behalf of Army cooks. I was once a cook, and I never heard anyone complain about the way I dished out liver or the way it was prepared. I can't picture a man chewing upon G.I. shoe soles when the Army gives him three squares a day.

P.F.C. CLARENCE B. SELLERS
Caribbean Area

DEAR YANK:

I noticed with disinterest a letter in Mail Call from PFC, J.L.S. at Mitchel Field, in which he wastes about two inches of good space beefing like a character with a low I.Q.

It seems that this particular P.F.C. can't realize there's a war on, for all his immature mind can think of, while ships are being sunk and bloody battles are being fought, is that he should be paid twice a month instead of once. He also betrays the capacity of his mind when he so frankly states that he is not able to budget his allowance over a period of 30 days, while millions of others have been doing just that and are continuing to do it.

Dear YANK, please don't deteriorate your newspaper by printing letters of such low-brow mentality.

P.F.C. LEON PERLSWEIG
Camp Upton, N. Y.

DEAR YANK:

When I say what I am going to say here I will be voicing the sentiments of every enlisted man in the VIII Corps Area Service Command. We are supposed to be men, but we are hardly treated as men. When we go into town we are nervous because of the Standing Order that we must salute every officer we meet. Alexandria is a city so overcrowded with soldiers that it is very difficult to distinguish an officer from an enlisted man, but if you do pass an officer without saluting him (through no fault of your own) your name, grade and ASN are taken and forwarded to your C.O. for disciplinary action. Our Regimental SOP in reference to any MP reports on enlisted men is that the enlisted men make a disciplinary road march of 20 miles on Saturday. Why is it so necessary that we salute an officer when off-duty? We all show respect to an officer, whether he is white or colored, but we should be given a break. The principles we are fighting for are being destroyed before our eyes.

Another Standing Order is that nothing can be sold to an enlisted man after curfew, which is 11:30 P.M. weekdays and 1:30 A.M. Sundays. I have had the experience of being denied food at 2:00 A.M. Sunday morning. I had been to New Orleans and was on my way back to camp with a friend. About 5 miles outside of Alexandria we stopped in a diner to get something to eat. We gave our order, but after the waitress had written it down she looked at her watch. "Sorry, boys," she said, "I can't sell anything to enlisted men as it's after 1:30." At a table near us three officers were enjoying a steak dinner.

S/SGT. JOHN ZALLER
Camp Livingston, La.

DEAR YANK:

In the Mail Bag of your fourth issue you printed a letter by a Cpl. W. R., Air Force, on the subject of payday twice a month. You asked what other guys thought about it. The idea is swell and has the support of many with whom I talked here. And me, too!

PVT. JULIUS W. MOORE
Alaska

Words Across the Sea

Cpl. Harold S. Whitman is a native New Yorker who now spends his time with the 77th Division at Fort Jackson, S. C. His message goes to his friend, Pvt. Jerry Scheuer, another New Yorker who's been transplanted to the sunny, not to mention snaky, region of the Canal Zone. "Good luck, Jerry," says Cpl. Whitman. "Is it hot enough for you down there? I saw your folks not long ago and they're all well and send their best to you. Write a letter sometime."

Cpl. Daniel Baker, as you can see, is not alone. The attraction on the left is his wife. Baker, from Boston and in the Infantry on Long Island, wants his wife to meet, photographically, his brother Morris (a Captain yet!) in the Quartermaster Corps, somewhere in Ireland. "Meet the wife," he says briefly, and adds, "Sorry you couldn't dance at our wedding, but drop us a line."

Joe G. Byrtus is a Sergeant of the Medical Corps in New York. Originally he's from Sheridan, Wyoming, and he wants to say hello to his Fort Ord, California, buddy, Mess Sgt. J. A. White, somewhere in Alaska. It must have been good cooking to stick so long in Byrtus' memory. "Best luck and keep 'em cooking," he says. "When you get time, write and let me know how things are up North."

Beaming S/Sgt. Julius Delegan from Fort Dix has words for two friends overseas, both of them with the Medical Corps in Iceland. From Pfc. Steve Kalencik he wants to know: "Does the champagne up there taste good. And how about the aftertaste?" Of Pfc. Estes McCallops, he asks, "Do you hit any more of those $75.00 jackpots in the frozen North? I hope not. . . ."

Pfc. Irving Rothman is a member of a paratroop outfit stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. He wears the paratroop insignia proudly on his cap and on his zoot suit to boot. To Sgt. Edward Cliffs, an old-time friend now based somewhere in Australia, he sends his greetings. "Many happy landings, Cliffs," he says, "and good hunting at the end of them.

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YANK THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
SEPT. 2, 1942
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

The Powers of Darkness

We understand there are those who still ask:

"What are we fighting for?"

Personally, we do not believe it, being perhaps a little prejudiced in our belief that we know what we are fighting for. We have never heard that question asked, but every day we hear it answered. We have even seen beautiful series of photographs depicting the beauty of America and the quiet simplicity and rugged virtues of our nations followed by the additional preachment:

"*This* is what we are fighting for."

And that is, of course, quite true, in a way.

Yet we have never heard the question seriously asked; we have only heard the answers enforced upon us.

However, if there are those who *really* ask that question, if there are those in bewilderment, then to them we address this simple story for what they may see in it.

It happened on the sea route to Dieppe, and it was told by a Canadian newspaperman named Bob Bowman who wrote it for United Press. He was there.

"The padre called the men in the tank-landing boat about him while they still could see the dark English quay behind them.

"Standing in the bow in front of a tank, he read the sixth chapter of Ephesians, holding his Bible in one hand and a flashlight in the other.

" 'Finally, my brethren,' he read, 'be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we are to wrestle, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.'

"Then he prayed the last prayer some aboard would ever hear. Most of the men aboard . . . dropped off to sleep as the boat ploughed toward Dieppe."

Untroubled, their hearts.

For Some—the Last Prayer

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Thanks, Chum, Glad to Hear It

The Tokyo Radio announced in a wee, small voice on August 21st, that some of the United States Marines landed in the Solomon Islands had not yet been exterminated.

The Hot Seat

A dispatch from London tells of a town in Yugoslavia, where the Germans have been punishing black market offenders by whipping them in the public square. The mayor of the town has been having difficulty in restraining the people until the day of the general uprising. In a picturesque public announcement, the Mayor said, "I know your ears are in London, and your hearts are in Moscow—but don't forget that the seats of your pants are still in Serbia."

Milk of Human Kindness

An unconfirmed story from Stockholm reports that when a German soldier was gored by a bull in a Norwegian town just outside of Trondheim, the Germans lined up ten cows and shot them in reprisal.

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Pictures: Cover, INP. 2, INP except bottom left, PA. 3, Acme. 4, PA. 6, INP. 7, left, PA; right, Sgt. Dave Berger. 8, left, PA; right, INP. 9, left, PA; right, Acme. 10, left U.S. Army; right, Acme. 11, INP. 12, top left and right, PA; bottom left, WW; bottom right, U.S. Sig Corps. 13, top left, Acme; top right PA; bottom, U.S. Navy. 14, Cpl. Gordon Frye. 18, Pvt. Ben Schnall. 20, PRO, Camp White. 21, top right, INP; bottom right and left, Carroll Photo Service. 22, PA. 23, INP. 24, WW.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

THEIR Home Front

The Japanese War Office announced in Tokyo last week that General Jun Ushiroku, chief of staff of the Japanese armies in China, had been named commander-in-chief of Central Defense headquarters in Japan itself.

"The defense of the mother country," said the War Office, "is becoming increasingly more important—especially the defense of the east coast."

Polish Symbolism

According to an Associated Press dispatch from London, a Polish worker in Stettin, Germany, was sentenced to death by a special tribunal because he "offended the honor of the Fuehrer."

It seems that on Hitler's birthday, this Pole was directed to fly the swastika from his window, or any other symbol of supreme respect.

The Pole chose as his symbol of supreme respect a pair of tattered old trousers, stained with fertilizer and manure.

Nazi Temperance Union, Inc.

Vidkun Quisling is having his troubles in Norway. "Freeing a people from the yoke of democracy," he whimpered last week in a speech at Sogn, "is like trying to liberate a drunkard from the damnation of alcohol."

The Return of Judas

Domei, the Japanese News Agency, reported the return of Admiral Nomura, former ambassador to the United States, thusly: "Tens of thousands of Japanese who lined the streets, cheered again and again, paying tribute to the man who did his utmost to preserve peace between the United States and Japan."

Tribute

A town in Ohio is trying desperately to have its name changed to Lidice, in honor of the Czechoslovakian village wiped out by the Nazis. The request probably will be granted. The present name of the Ohio town is—Berlin!

We're Generous With Bombs, Tho

In a broadcast to the people of Holland on July 29th, the German propagandist, Max Blokzijl, lamented that "the New Order has not been established and cannot as yet be achieved, because a selfish pack in England, America and Soviet Russia refuses to give up key positions."

Did You Say Combat?

According to Ibn Saud, the King of Arabia, "Hitler can never hope to conquer the world because he is not a married man, and has had no home training in the fundamentals of combat."

Shrimpers & Rice—Velly Nice

The Japanese-controlled Saigon Radio reported from Sumatra on July 27, that 68 percent of all plantations in Sumatra, including rice and sugar estates covering about 1,662,300 acres, are again fully productive.

The Saigon Radio neglects to mention that Sumatra has neither rice nor sugar plantations—and the total cultivated area of the entire island is no more than 1,333,000 acres.

Ain't Gonna Rain No More

A new order by the British Ministry of Supply in London forbids the manufacture, repair or recovery of umbrellas as of August 1.

Invitation to a Blitz

Major Art Goebel is the only living American who holds a permit allowing him to fly over the city of Tokyo. The honorary permit was given to him by the Japanese government when he flew to Japan on a goodwill flight more than ten years ago.

The Major plans to use the permit in the very near future.

He has just received his bombardier's certificate from the Army Flying School at Midland, Texas.

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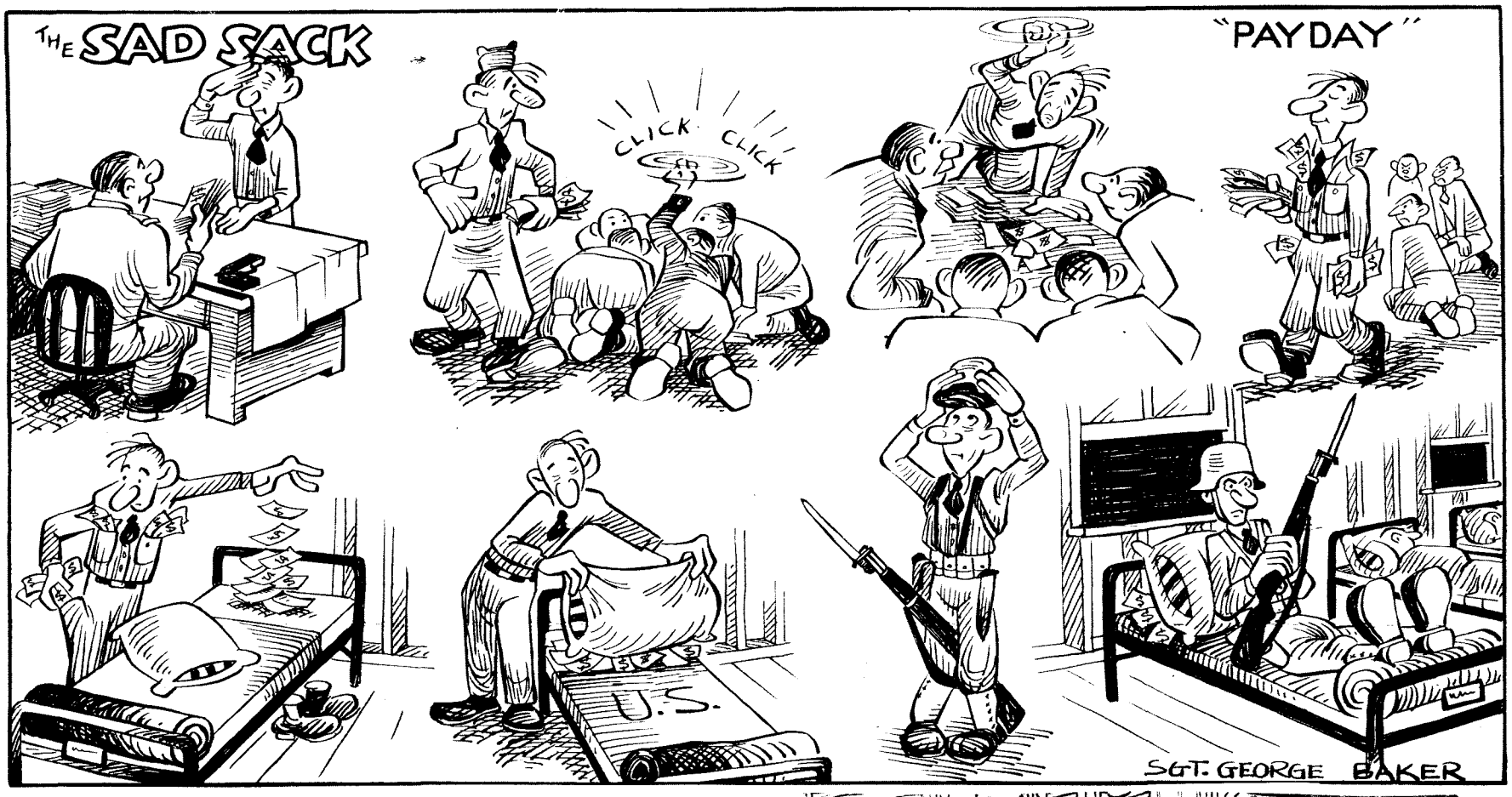


BETWEEN the LINES

DOGFACE DICTIONARY

BUNK—the only thing in camp that can afford to be tight before inspection.

BUTTONS — clothing accessories much treasured by a worker in the Quartermaster Laundry, who removes them from shirts and takes them home for his kids to play with.

CANTEEN—a hardware water bottle or a GI refreshment stand, neither of which is worth much if it's dry.

CLERK, COMPANY—the spelling demon in the orderly room who has no trouble with "Dzierdzynki" but always puts a spare "e" on "Brown."

FURLOUGH—a week or ten days when a soldier can rest his nerves after the ordeal of sweating out a furlough for three days.

GI—Galvanized iron.

HAIRCUT, GI—a tonsorial operation, too close for a haircut, too long for a shave.

LATRINE ORDERLY—a fireman; the only man in the barracks who keeps cooler than the water in the showers.

MAIL CALL—an interlude in which you can stand around resting while you listen to the music of other men's names.

MASTER-SERGEANT—an elderly gentleman who knows three times as much as you do about any given civilian subject because he's been in the Army for 29 years.

METAL SERGEANT — a noncommissioned officer identified by the silver in his hair, the gold in his teeth and the lead in his backside.

OLD ARMY—a large group of first-three-graders who spent the prewar years thinking up sentences beginning with, "By God, it wasn't like this in the ——."

RANK — *(rangk)*, [Anglo-Saxon, *ranc:* strong, proud.] Offensively gross or course, indecent; strongly scented.

RECREATION OFFICER—the company officer who solves the problem of your spare time by detailing you to put up basketball goals.

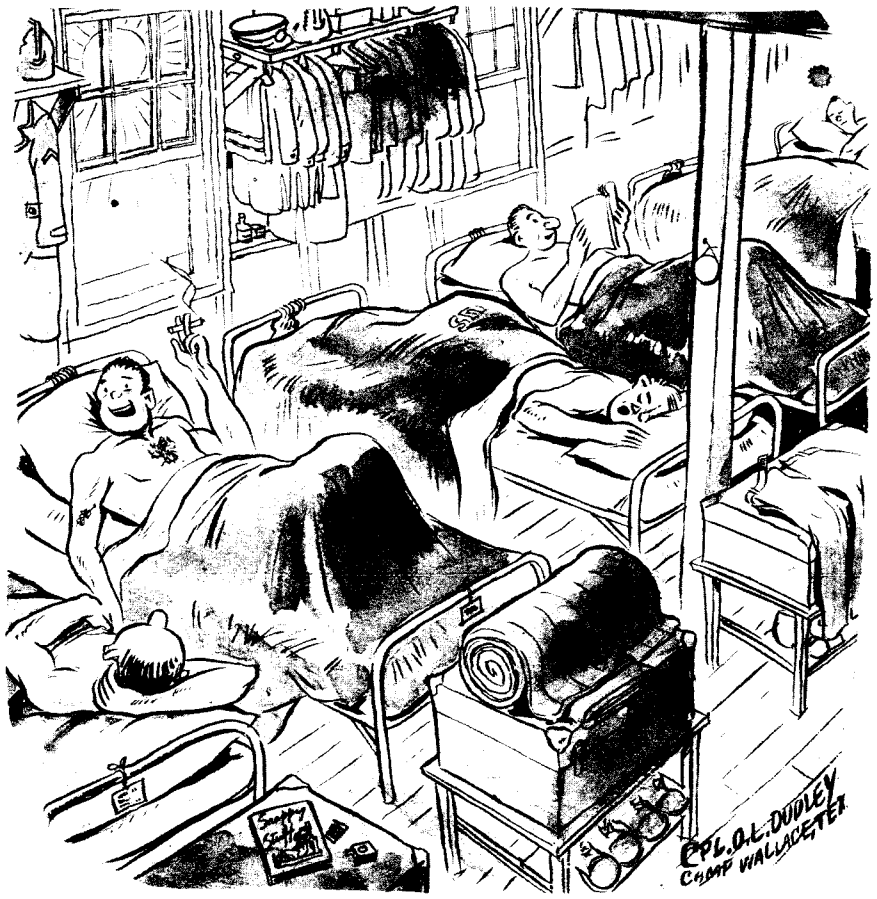
RECRUIT—a man who has been in the service at least two days less than you have.

SICK CALL—a morning social hour for the leisure classes of the regiment.

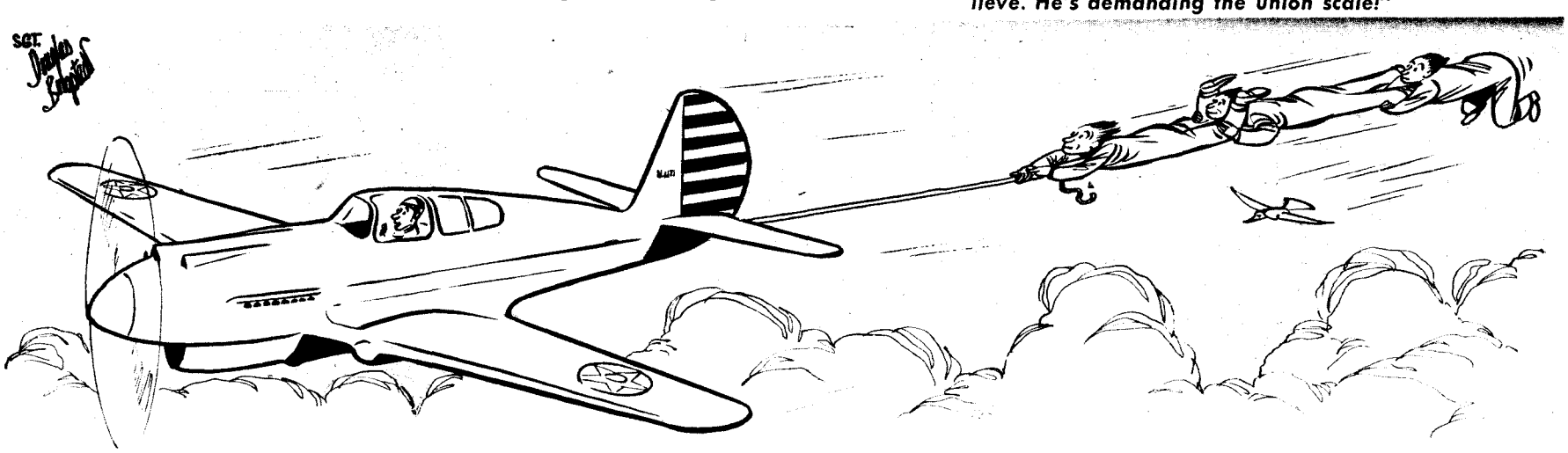
SUPPLY SERGEANT—the fellow who won't lend you a cigarette unless you give him a memorandum receipt.

THROUGH CHANNELS — from San Francisco to Los Angeles by way of Washington, D. C.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove



"Some trouble with the bugler, I believe. He's demanding the union scale!"



"Most enthusiastic group of glider students we've had in a long time, sir."

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Jumpin' Jive Real Solid Way 'Down Under'

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—There wasn't much noise in the bivouac area the other night, outside of a snapping twig as a small kangaroo hopped through the underbrush, the crackle of a camp fire, and the inquiring shout of a soldier momentarily lost as he groped toward his own pyramidal. Then a couple of guitars began to twang softly in the woods. A little while later a muted trumpet joined in, then a clarinet, then two saxophones. Within an hour, the woods were rocking to "One O'Clock Jump," at the end of which there were whistles and yells of delight that would have done credit to a well-trained radio audience. The unit swing band was getting hot.

Special, Man, Special!

Swing bands are scattered throughout the Army, but down here in Australia there's a special kind of one—a band, drawn from every outfit of a combat unit, that plays jazz and nothing else.

Since it came over here three months ago it has been tremendously popular not only among the soldiers but among the Australians, too, who had never heard anything quite like it until it began to play at dances and to give an occasional concert. At the start, the Aussies asked for quick steps, jazz waltzes, barn dances, and other local items strange to the bandsmen.

The musicians, baffled by such requests, usually murmured polite acknowledgement and then heedlessly played a Benny Goodman classic. After a while, the Australians began to see the light,

and in recent weeks their demands for "Chattanooga Choo Choo" have been so numerous that the band is beginning to feel sorry it ever heard of that illustrious train.

First Anniversary Waltz

The swing band is just celebrating its first anniversary. Started a year ago on maneuvers back home, it has been practicing and playing almost ever since, with—for a military organization—relatively infrequent changes of personnel.

For the last six months the band has consisted of thirteen former professional musicians and one ex-paper salesman. The latter, incidentally, is its leader, Staff Sergeant Bill Walker, a pianist and arranger who explains that the paper business was a slight mistake he made on graduating from Amherst, where he led a collegiate dance band which travelled to Europe, Bermuda, and the West Indies, which Bill now regards as trips too short to bother mentioning.

Like any self-respecting band, the unit has its own vocalist: Corporal Jack Fisher, who used to sing with Henry Busse and Bob Chester. In the rhythm section, besides Walker, there's Pfc. Ralph Rose, guitar (plain and amplified), who played with Del Delbridge; Tech V Bill Perry, drums, formerly with Bart Byrd and Jerry Hunt; and Pfc. Joe Russo, bass, late of Duke Daly's and Tommy Reynolds' outfits.

Brass Section Solid

Trumpeters include Sergeants Jack Frey, who played with the late Bunny Berigan, and Joe Jenny, who was prevented from accepting an offer from Red Norvo only by the Army's claiming priorities on his services; and Tech V Harvey Judson, who led his own band.

In the trombone section there are Corporal Vic Bohacek, late of Don Ricardo's band and the recipient of a flattering offer from Al Donahue, and Pfc. Frank Darson, who played with small bands around Detroit.

The four saxophonists are Corporal Chetney Stader, another Del Delbridge man, Pfc. Louis Cafini, from Tommy Marvin's band, Tech V Norm Schneider, formerly with the Five Jacks and Tommy Temple, and Corporal Jack Durand, a Frank Wine-Gar alumnus. Durand, Bohacek, and Frey, by the way, are all national high-school champions on their respective instruments.

Not a Gold-Brick Combo

The boys can soldier too. Before they were brought together, Schneider was a cannoneer in an artillery battery, Fisher built pontoon bridges in the Engineers, Jenny was a full-fledged rifleman, and Rose a cook. Many of them were drafted from regimental bands, where they had been languishing under wraps, dutifully playing marches and dreaming about the day they could throw in a hot lick. Now, in addition to providing music almost every night of the week, the band has other military duties; when a representative of a highbrow Australian tried to get in touch with Walker one afternoon about playing at a party, the bandleader was finally found, after a diligent search, off in the woods assisting in the rhythmical digging of a latrine.

Band Hits Different Posts

In the field, the band tours from one command post to another, in its own truck. Driving up out of the dark, the whole band or one of the two jam combinations formed from its ranks disembarks, sets up the piano in a clearing, unloads the drums, and starts jiving. It is not permissible to make comments on the state of morale of overseas troops, but it is probably all right to hint that the approach of the band has an effect on soldiers in the vicinity about equal to that of mail call.

Right now the musicians' chief problem is a procurement one. Such vital accessories as mutes and reeds are nearly unobtainable in Australia, and, moreover, so are up-to-date arrangements. The band brought about a hundred and fifty of these with it, but they're a little stale now.

A recent cabled appeal for new arrangements has already been sympathetically heard by Glenn Miller, and any day now the band expects to receive a bundle of tunes. When that precious package arrives, you can bet that the woods will really rock, and the kangaroos will really jump.

The Pay-Off On It All

(Editor's Note: YANK heard that SOS for authentic jazz some time ago, and persuaded 8 top-flight band-leaders to contribute several of their best exclusive "specials."

(Photostatic copies of 57 scores were made and are now en route to Australia. That's probably the greatest single library of modern dance music in the world today.

(YANK's special rhythm package to the hep-cats represents the cream from the current books of Glenn Miller, Claude Thornhill, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Charlie Spivak, and Alec Wilder.)

FROM YANK'S AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Sweet Rose O'Day Digs Hot Today

SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN IRELAND—It is merely a matter of legend that the Irish, in a moment of primitive national humor, introduced the scourge of the bagpipe to the Scot, then denied all copyright to the instrument which they had invented, and sat back for several centuries and laughed about their little joke.

But it is a matter of cold and inexorable record that the Yanks have introduced swing music to the people of Ireland, and do not ask us to sit in a judicial judgment over the point. Our own personal opinion is that the poor people of Ulster have "got it bad and that ain't good."

A couple of sergeants named G. W. Frode and C. A. Beekman started it all. They mobilized soldier help to remodel and equip an old building formerly known as Orange Hall. They had a large stage built in Belfast to accommodate an orchestra and moved it to the hall by truck. They swept out the hall and slicked up the floor and decorated the joint up a bit, then moved in a swing orchestra and for many an Irish summer night have now proceeded to try to tear the joint down with the Jersey Bounce and a string of Pearls.

They call the entire movement the "Ulster Hep Cats," and already the organization has 400 members. Local girls are issued membership cards, and regularly attend the sessions which are held every night in the week except Monday and Wednesday, when the club is given over to the quieter medium of entertainment, the movies.

The Irish girls are developing into quite proficient jitterbugs and are very eager about it. With inevitable feminine curiosity about a man's past, they are forever asking if they do it as well as the girls back home and of course the answer is yes every time.

FROM A YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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STRICTLY G.I.

Don't Call Us Jerks

The OPA was worrying about the rubber situation and decided that something ought to be done about these women who mistreat their girdles. The office published an official document advising the ladies to be nice and conserve rubber by putting on and taking off their girdles this way and not that way, etc. The first draft of the pamphlet said that girdles "can be removed best by a good strong YANK." Fortunately one of the O.P.A. men mulled this phrase over for awhile with a handy pocket muller that he carries for the purpose and decided that people might take it the wrong way. So the sentence was quickly changed to read, "It can be best removed by a good strong jerk."

Statistics Department

The average WAAC, Lord help us, is 26 years old, stands five feet four and weighs 132 pounds. That sounds pretty pudgy, pretty pudgy.

There are 3,500,000 men in the service insured for a total of 18 billion bucks. That sounds like a lot of jack, Jack.

Names in the News

Two brothers of Scarsdale Jack Newkirk, the Flying Tiger hero killed last March, have joined the Army asking for foreign service as soon as possible. **Louis H. Newkirk, Jr.,** has joined the new Engineers Amphibian Command at Camp Edwards and **Robert Newkirk** is going to O.C.S. at Denver. Lieut. Gen. Joe Stillwell has appointed a World War I ace, **Brig. Gen. Clayton L. Bissell,** 46, of Kane, Pa., commander of the Army Air Forces in India, Burma and China.

Ten G.I.'s wounded at Pearl Harbor have been awarded the Purple Heart at Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver. Among them were **Pvt. Blake C. Allhouse,** 24, of Brooksville, Pa.; **Pvt. Edward M. Ovecka,** 24, Lebanon, Pa.; **Cpl. Clarence F. Currance, Jr.,** 22, Wheeling, W. Va.; **Pvt. Richard G. McClung,** 20, Flint, Mich.; and **Pvt. Howard J. Beatty,** 20. The Bronx, N. Y.

The Seattle Draft Boards are looking for ground force soldiers. Right now they are trying to figure out a way of sending **Robert Neale,** 28, to the infantry or the artillery but it isn't easy. Neale was one of the Flying Tigers who shot down 13 Jap planes in Burma and China and ruined three others on the ground. But the draft board will probably ship him someplace where he'll do close order drill and the cannoneer's hop.

Incidentally, speaking of Flying Tigers, one of them who was visiting Boston recently says that it was very easy to raise money in China the week before pay day. For instance, one time he took a gabardine double breasted suit that cost him $32 here and sold it to a grateful Chinaman for $150.

Badges for Mechanics

Here are a few odd items we picked out of some creamed beef on a shingle the other morning:

The War Department is getting out a badge for motor vehicle drivers and mechanics. It will be something like the marksmanship medals that you see in the pawn shop windows—a disk wheel with a tire and a bar of oxidized silver. Drivers of jeeps and trucks will have a bar reading "Driver-W," motorcyclists "Driver-M" and drivers of track and half track jobs "Driver-T." Mechanics will have bars just reading "Mechanic" that's all. One mechanic we know is kicking because they aren't going to put it in Latin to make it more fancy.

The Postoffice Department tells mothers and wives and sweethearts that overseas packages mailed during October and marked "Christmas" will be delivered on time but they can't contain fruit cake, Scotch, rye or other perishable matter. Boxes must not exceed 11 pounds and the size limit is 18 by 42 inches. It will be okay for them to write "Happy New Year" on the package. For any time of the year, the Army Postal Service urges you to urge your friends to use the new "V" mail. All Post Offices in the U.S. are equipped to handle it and it speeds letters as well as reducing freight weight.

The Services of Supply and the Army Transportation Corps are organizing units called Port Battalions. But don't let any bar fly friends of yours join it, thinking that it is an outfit for tasting port wine. These Port Battalions are really stevedore battalions.

Ann Corio Is a Changed Girl.

The New Corio

Ann Corio, in case you haven't heard, is now a dramatic actress.

She is playing such breath-taking roles as Tondelayo in "White Cargo," the swamp woman in "Swamp Woman," and the jungle siren in "Jungle Siren"—and pulling in a fortune at the box office. What's more, her emoting takes place with the famous Corio anatomy more or less covered with clothes. Since we are not one to quibble with the box-office, we welcome the New Corio like a brother.

Anyway, with the New Corio now an integral part of Hollywood society, she is selling bonds and playing camp shows like mad. In this way she has come to love the Army. In return, the Army has come to love the New Corio—especially since every once in a while the New Corio forgets herself and lapses back into delightful moments of the Old Corio.

At Camp Callen, California, recently, Ann was visiting her brother, who is a first sergeant in an anti-aircraft outfit. She started to do a dramatic scene from "White Cargo" for the boys, but in the middle of the act, she saw tears of nostalgic remorse come to her brother's eyes. "What the hell," she said. The New Corio then proceeded to go off into a snappy strip number she used to do in Earl Carroll's Vanities. The boys loved it.

HOLLYWOOD IN WARTIME

It is refreshing to report that the U. S. government through its Office of War Information has turned out a terrific war propaganda movie called "The World at War," which you will probably be seeing soon.

"The World at War" is a compilation of newsreel clips, official British and Russian films, and Axis private stock (including some of Hitler's personal reconnaissance shots) which was captured before it reached South America. Since the protagonist is the enemy, most of the picture consists of the latter. Such compilations have of course been made before. The skillful handling of this one, however, has never been approached.

The beauty of the film as a propaganda piece lies in its maturity. It doesn't rant or rave or call Hitler nasty names. It doesn't bother to tell us what we're fighting for. By this time we're supposed to know what we're fighting for. Its principal problem is in letting us know what we're fighting *against*. And by the time it finishes with Pearl Harbor, Dunkirk, the railway car scene at Compiegne, tanks, dive-bombers, Berchtesgaden, executions, artillery, scorched earth, and a starving dog in Paris—we *know* what we're fighting against. Also we know it's something we can lick.

So at last we're on the right track.

Her Texas Background Hurts

What else is new in the movie world? Well, they are putting the Stage Door Canteen in a picture with Katharine Hepburn, Katharine Cornell, Edgar Bergen, Helen Hayes, Gertrude Lawrence, Kay Kyser and Ray Bolger, which is quite a cast, no matter what way you look at it. . . . Southern movie houses were rather cold at first toward James Cagney in the George M. Cohan biography, "Yankee Doodle Dandy" on account of that first word in the title. . . . Audiences of between nine and ten million soldiers are seeing movies every week in army theaters. . . . Paramount is staging the first showing of "Wake Island" at the Marine Corp theater in Camp Elliott and Marlene Dietrich's husband, Rudolph Seiber, has become a U.S. citizen. . . . Mary Martin didn't bat an eyelash when they asked her to ride a horse for a scene in "Canadian Capers." "With my Texas background, it'll be a cinch," she boasted. The horse gave her quite a ride. "How is your Texas background now?" somebody asked her. "Sore," she moaned.

Hope's Footprint Trips Him

Milton Berle writes "Variety" that at the end of his new picture "Whispering Ghosts" at Grauman's Chinese Theater everybody stood up and applauded—after they played the national anthem. "On the way out," says Berle, "Bob Hope's footprint in the lobby tripped me. The next day I went over to the doctor for a check-up, dressed in my usual conservative manner—beret, yellow slacks, pink polo shirt and wedgies. As I walked into the doctor's office, a specimen in a jar of alcohol stuck his head out and shouted, 'Hop in. I've always wanted a playmate.'"

Twentieth Century-Fox is planning to make a picture out of the comic strip "Dixie Dugan" with Lois Andrews in the title role. . . . Lieut. James Stewart, bombardier in the Air Force, has been transferred from California to New Mexico. . . . Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy have made arrangements with the Navy to tour Alaska. . . . Al Jolson is writing a magazine piece about his tour through the camps there entitled "Baked Alaska." . . . Arthur Willi, the RKO talent scout, is making one more desperate trip through the New England summer theaters. So far he has found nothing. . . . Teen age kids are getting into the big time dance orchestras now because the draft is taking the grown-up musicians. There is one fairly famous name band with a drummer who's said to be only 15 years old.

Speaking of bands, Paul Tremaine is in the Army now, at the Quartermaster Replacement Center in Camp Lee. . . . Artie Shaw has completed his basic training with the Navy and is stationed at Newport News. . . . Vichy's ban on American movies in unoccupied France isn't keeping the Hollywood officials awake nights. . . . They haven't been doing any business to speak of there, anyway. . . . Monty Woolley, the Man Who Came to Dinner, is going to shave his famous growth of whiskers and play the part of a beardless Allan Pinkerton in a movie about the life of that famous detective.

And although Deanna Durbin's husband is in the Navy, she knits Army socks. Why? Because she says she couldn't get anything but brown yarn.

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There's more than one way to please a sergeant, but you can't go wrong on that one.

Horses ain't the only things that Buck

Exposition by Sgt. Harry Brown Delineation by Sgt. Ralph Stein

The thing to do is to attract attention. Try shelling oysters during retreat. Or just stand on your head.

IN THE Army of Napoleon was a private named Remo Bonnechance, Jr. He didn't like being a private; he wanted to be what the French call a *caporal*. So he put what the French call his *tete* to work. One morning, while he and his fellow *soldats* were digging a *trench*, he suddenly stood on his head and continued to dig by holding his *spade* between his feet, which were, we must admit, of a cleverness, as the French say. His comrades were vastly entertained.

Who should come along at that minute but Napoleon, who had an abnormal interest in entrenchments. "Look at that soldier!" cried Napoleon, "not only is he digging a trench, but he is vastly entertaining his comrades by digging it with his feet. He is wasted here. Make him a *caporal*, as we French say."

So Remo Bonnechance, Jr. became a *caporal* and lived happily ever after.

Remo wasn't the first soldier who did a little bucking on the side. Next to goldbricking, bucking is probably the most popular Army sport, and it is not confined exclusively to lowly privates who want to improve their station. Colonels do it, and there are few Brigadier Generals who wouldn't like to pin another star on their shoulder.

Bucking is a full-time job. It is not enough for the bucker to clean his teeth, polish his buttons, shine his shoes, and keep a crease in his trousers. He must be *seen*. The private who wishes to be a corporal must needle his C.O. all the time, silently calling attention to his beauty, his soldierly qualities, and the barren expanse between his shoulders and his elbows. The bucker really has to work. He must ingratiate himself with his officers by shining their shoes, remarking on the utter loveliness of their female companions, and tasting their food to make sure it isn't poisoned.

Render unto the colonel that which is Caesar's.

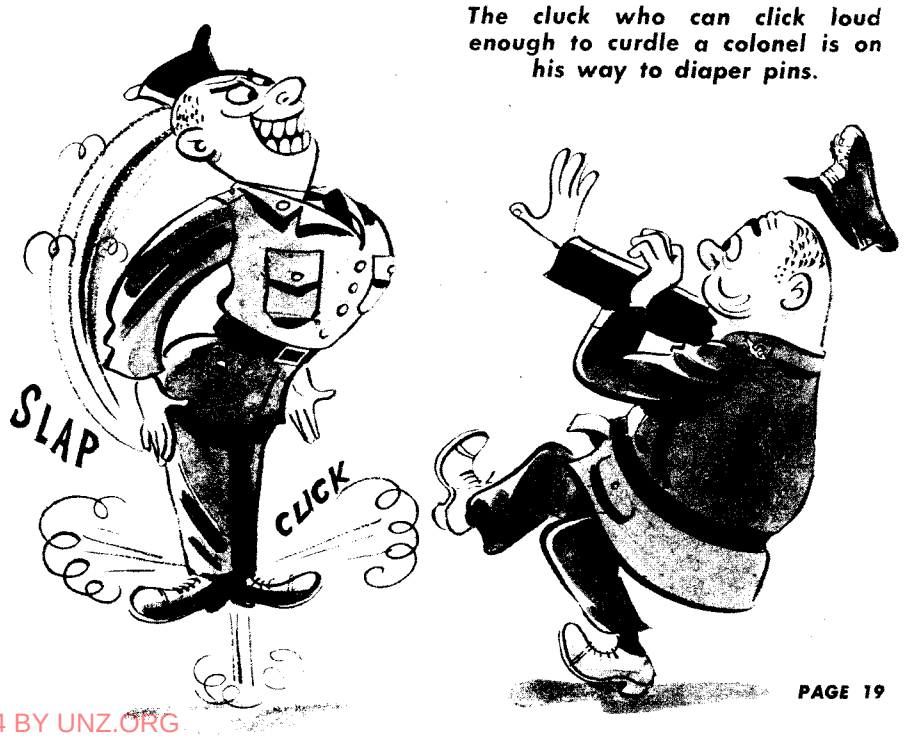
Officers who go in for bucking have a harder row to hoe. The shavetail, say, who wants to get a silver bar before his time comes around, has to work on his colonel 24 hours a day. There are two methods he can use. One, the sporting method, consists of playing golf or croquet with the Old Man and announcing at the proper time that "Geez, that one went 377 yards right down the fairway," or "I don't see how you manage to put them smack through the wicket every time." The other method, or the Really-Colonel-You're-A-Second-Caesar-System, consists of getting the old boy's ideas on every battle in history. "Where would you have put your cavalry at Cannae, sir?" the ambitious shavetail will ask, and then settle back to learn not only where the colonel would have put his cavalry, but where he would have put his infantry, his sappers, and his second-best breastplate.

Bucking, of course, has its drawbacks. For one thing, the bucker has to work fast. In the shavetail's case, for instance, if things don't move along quickly, his platoon will go to pot, as he's so busy bucking he won't have time to take care of it. In the private's case, if anyone wises up to him, he's apt to find himself doing permanent K.P.

Bucking has, in darker days, been known to create hardships not only on the bucker but on the buckee. It used to be that a C.O. would receive somewhat hazy orders from the battalion major. Instead of making a fool out of himself by asking a question or two, the C.O. would rush right out to show what complete understanding he had . . . and louse up the whole regiment's attack. This was known as the Backfiring Buck.

Nevertheless, bucking usually works. If you don't believe us, try it.

The cluck who can click loud enough to curdle a colonel is on his way to diaper pins.



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The Re-activation of the 91ST

The battle-scarred colors of the old 91st are presented to corresponding regiments of the new 91st by World War I veterans at Camp White, Ore.

By Pvt. Joe Weston
Yank Field Correspondent

The Germans learned once before what Powder River means. They learned it was a synonym for Hell, and the definition was shoved down their throats in the Argonne by men of the 91st whose war-cry was, "Powder River, Let 'er Buck." Now a new 91st has picked up where the original 91st left off.

CAMP WHITE, Oregon — September the 28th, 1918, was a quiet day in the Argonne Forest and most of the men in the 91st Division, except Lieutenant Ott, were peaceful and contented, catching a little sleep before the German guns opened up again. Lieutenant Ott was neither peaceful nor contented. He was dying for a smoke. Hadn't had a cigarette in God knows when.

So the Lieutenant called Corporal Fred Angell and asked if the corporal would mind walking back to that Y.M.C.A. canteen behind the lines for a carton of cigarettes.

Lieutenant Ott gave Corporal Angell the dough for the cigarettes and wrote out an order giving him permission to walk to the canteen so that he could show it to any sentry or M.P. who might think he was going A.W.O.L.

Canteen Closed As Usual

When Corporal Angell reached the canteen, it was closed. Canteens are always closed, usually for inventory, when you want to buy something and this one in the Argonne Forest was no exception.

So he turned around and walked back to the front again, empty handed. Corporal Angell never had another chance to get Lieutenant Ott his carton of cigarettes at that canteen. The next time they met, a month later, the Lieutenant was lying on the ground after a raid on the German trenches with 16 wounds in his body. The corporal helped carry him to a first aid station.

But Corporal Angell finally delivered the cigarettes here at Camp White, almost 24 years later, when the old 91st Division was reactivated as a fighting machine for the first time since the last war.

The corporal was one of the many veterans of the tough Western outfit who came back from Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Oregon, California and Alaska to watch a cadre of youngsters from their own home towns form the new streamlined triangular 91st Infantry Division.

Corporal Angell marched out of the ranks, front and center, gave a snappy salute. He presented a photostatic copy of the original order and the carton of cigarettes to Lieutenant Ott—now Brigadier General E. S. Ott, commander of the 91st's division artillery. Then he executed a perfect about face and marched back to his greying and ageing comrades who roared their approval with the 91st's famous yell:

"Powder River! Let 'er Buck!"

That was a famous battle cry in France. The Germans heard it in the Argonne and gradually they recognized it as the voice of these soldiers from the ranches of Wyoming and Montana and the lumber camps of Washington and Oregon.

War Cry Due for Repeat

Now they're going to hear it again. It didn't take long for the old yell to catch on with the G.I.'s in the new 91st. As soon as the division was reorganized, Camp White squad rooms and service clubs and the service clubs and bars in the nearby town of Medford began to resound with the fighting words of 24 years ago, "Powder River, Let 'er Buck!"

Powder River is a symbol that means about the same thing to the average Westerner as Hell's Kitchen would mean to a New Yorker—roughness and toughness. Powder River is a stream of water flowing through one of the roughest and toughest sections of the North American continent, the Wyoming and Montana badlands, a region that the Indians used to call in fear and respect "Hell Cooled Off."

"Grit, Guts and Gumption"

When the old 91st Division was activated, the original cadre consisted of men from that desolate wilderness and the Powder River slogan just sort of developed naturally and went along overseas with the outfit. It suited the division perfectly.

"We probably weren't the greatest outfit in the war," one of the officers said after they came out of the Argonne, "but we thought we were. And when we started for a place, we got there come hell or high water. I will say this for the old 91st —we never lacked grit, guts or gumption."

Those veterans from the Argonne came back from their ranches, offices, service stations, lumber camps and country grocery stores to take part in the colorful reactivation ceremonies at Camp White when the 91st ceased to be just a unit on paper and joined the Army again as a rough and tough Western fighting outfit.

After Corporal Angell delivered his cigarettes to General Ott, another Powder River old grad, F. K. Dover, presented a German rifle to the new division commander, Major Gen. Charles H. Gerhardt. And like the cigarettes, the German rifle had a history.

The first time that the 91st went over the top in France, Sergeant Dover and his platoon were separated from the rest of the raiding party and ran into machine gun fire too hot to handle alone. Dover asked for volunteers to go back for help and Private Lee Gaushe, a rugged Powder River youngster, asked for the job.

Gaushe crawled out of the shell hole safely but when he started back through the barbed wire, a German sniper got him right between the eyes.

That was too much for Dover to take lying down. He leaped out of the shell hole and charged the sniper's sandbagged nest. He was hit but kept on going and killed the German. He took the rifle from him. There were seven notches on the stock. Gaushe was the unmarked eighth.

Powder River Carries On

The feature of the day was the memorial exercises. They read the roll call of the 91st's dead. Out of the 4,000 casualties, the names of 88 men were selected.

The name of a dead Powder River boy was read.

"Here," said a tall young soldier, stepping forward to take the vacant place in the rank with the guidon of the dead man's company in his hand.

The roll call rang out in the still air and the guidons moved forward one by one. Sometimes when a certain name was read, you noticed one of the grey haired veterans from the Argonne reach for his handkerchief and cough. Or just look down at the ground.

Then the drums began to beat and the guidons swung across the parade ground and marched away.

The 91st Division was doing business again at the old stand.

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Walter Johnson Lets Babe Ruth Hit A Homer For Old Times' Sake

NEW YORK—Walter Johnson wound up slowly in the Yankee Stadium and pitched the ball. Then the crowd of 69,136 spectators roared as Babe Ruth knocked it into the right field stands.

This wasn't a dream, either. It was the real Walter Johnson, wearing his old Washington uniform and coming out from retirement at his Maryland farm for the first time since 1927. And it was the real Bambino, too, making his first appearance as a Yankee since 1934.

The occasion was the Army-Navy Relief Fund doubleheader between the Yankees and the Senators. Ed Barrow, the Yankee director, arranged the return of Johnson and Ruth as a feature of the big show and it was well worth the price of the admission.

Evans Yells "Foul!"

The baseball immortals put on their act with Benny Bengough, catcher from the 1926-27-28 championship Yankees behind the plate, and Billy Evans, who umpired Johnson's last official game and watched Ruth break his home run record in 1927, calling the balls and strikes.

The Big Train threw the Babe about 20 pitches. He knocked one out of the park, a few more to the outfield and fouled a couple. The crowd howled with delight when the baldheaded Bengough made a gallant attempt to retrieve one of them near the Washington dug-out.

Then the big fellow, teetering on his slender Marlene Dietrich legs, socked another one into his favorite section of the right field bleachers, foul by inches. Evans declared it was no good in loud voice but the Bambino merely smiled and started to circle the bases, huffing and puffing, while the fans in "Ruthville" scrambled madly for the ball.

Nobody Like Johnson

Johnson was at the plate to shake his hand when he completed the journey.

It was a baseball scene for the books, bringing back memories of the game's greatest days. "You can talk all you want about these modern fast ball pitchers," Evans said, when it was over. "But nobody ever threw a ball as fast as Walter here."

"That's all I had in those days," Johnson recalled. "For three years there, I never got a signal from the catcher. He knew and everybody else knew that it was going to be a fast ball."

WEHRLE WINS GOLF TITLE

CHICAGO—Wilfred Wehrle of Racine, Wis. won the Chicago National Amateur Golf Championship — formerly known as the Great Lakes Amateur—by defeating Steve Kovach of Pittsburgh in the finals, 4 and 3.

CPL. JOE MANZO, great tackle on the Boston College 1941 Sugar Bowl championship eleven, is bolstering the Western Army All Star football team.

Army All-Star Football Line-Up in California

PASADENA, Cal.—Here is the complete squad of the western All-Army football detachment, coached by Major Wallace Wade:

Ends: Lieuts. Norman Williamson, William Dawson, Waddy Young and George Seeman; Sgt. Tom Bentley; Cpls. Virgil Lundahl and Mac Speedie; Pvts. Nick Angele, Luther Dempsey and Forest Ferguson. Tackles: Lieuts. Nick Drahos and Cyrus Johnson; Sgts. Leonard Dickey Claude Hisey; Cpls. Joe Manzo, Carl Stravinski; Pvts. Joe Mihal, Clem Crabtree, Joe Brunansky, William Benghauser.

Guards: Lieuts. Leroy Harper, Joe Routt; Pvts. Julius Battista, Tony Cemore, Emile Fritz, Sam Mancuso, Ed Merlin, Steve Petro. Centers: Lieuts. Bill Gillis, Joseph Bailey, Henry Hauser; Sgt. Henry Gude; Pvts. Kay Lunday, Archie Kodros. Blocking Backs: Lieuts. James Thomason, John Meek, Justin McGowan, Don Greeley Cpl. George Gembis.

Tailbacks: Lieuts. Marion Pugh, Bob Peters, Ed Miller; Sgt. Harold Hursh; Cpl. Marty Slovak; Pvts. Kay Eakin, Jimmy Nelson. Wingbacks: Lieuts. Bill Conatser; Sgt. Owen Goodnight; Cpl. Dick Schweidler; Pvts. Lloyd Parsons, Peter Holovak. Fullbacks: Lieuts. Don Scott, John Kimbrough; Sgt. Dennis Andricks; Cpls. Jap Davis, Isadore Weinstock; Pvts. Frank Emmons, George Kracum.

Wade Fills Western Team With Texans

PASADENA, Cal.—Major Wallace Wade is counting on eight members of the Texas A. & M. Southwestern Conference championship eleven of 1939 and 1940 to send the western All-Army football squad off to a flying start against the Washington Redskins in the first of eight games between the Army and pro teams for emergency relief.

The Aggie backfield which was the scourge of the Southwest is together again, spearheaded by Johnny Kimbrough, great full back star. Jimmy Thomason, ace blocker, Tailback Marion Pugh, who saw service with the New York Giants last year, and Wingback Bill Conatser.

The starting line will have Henry Hauser, 220-pound center, All-American Joe Rutt at a guard, Leonard Dickey at tackle and Bill Dawson at an end. All are Texas A. & M. veterans.

To fill out the probable first team, Major Wade has chosen Park Wade, former Texas U. captain at tackle, and Julius Batista and Forest Ferguson, both of Florida at guard and end respectively.

Behind these men, the western coach has scores of other stars, including three of his old pupils at Duke, Fullback Jap Davis, End Luther Dempsey, and Tackle Tony Ruffa.

The squad moved from Camp Cooke into the Rose Bowl here—scene of many Wade triumphs as a college coach—for the last week of practice.

One major casualty of the squad was Capt. Ralph Kercheval, highest ranking officer on the team, who suffered a broken rib and was sent back to regular Army duty. Capt. Kercheval was one of the greatest punters and fullbacks in the National League as a Brooklyn Dodger.

Turnbull Has Another Big Day at the Races

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Jockey Willie Turnbull proved his recent feat of booting home seven winners on a nine-race card at Rockingham was no fluke when he collected five more victories in one afternoon at Narragansett Park.

THE BABE COMES BACK AGAIN—Walter Johnson, probably the greatest pitcher in baseball history, returns to the Yankee Stadium and faces Babe Ruth as a feature of the Army and Navy relief fund show. Benny Bengough, the old Yankee catcher, is behind the plate and the umpire is none other than Billy Evans.

After Louis Fights and Rose Bowl, Crashing Berlin Gate Will Be Easy

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN — Ruffles John, the greatest expert in the art of sports event gate crashing since One Eyed Connelly, now bides his time here as a staff sergeant in the Army, waiting for an opportunity to bust into Berlin.

Ruffles was awarded Connelly's gate crashing title by no less an authority than Mike Jacobs after the first Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight. He approached Jacobs before the championship bout and made a wager of five dollars with the promoter that he would be in the ring immediately after the decision to congratulate the winner — without purchasing a ticket, of course.

Wins Bet From Jacobs

Jacobs threw a special cordon of police around the stadium and another circle of plainsclothesmen and patrolmen around the ring itself before and during the fight. A thorough search was made for Ruffles John but he was nowhere to be found.

But when Louis was knocked out, Ruffles was standing in the middle of the ring holding Schmeling's right arm up in the air and smiling at the crowd. He had accomplished the impossible simply by hiding under the ring the day before the fight.

With Mike Jacobs' five dollars in his pocket, Ruffles stowed away on a luxury liner with the intention of crashing the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. But he made the mistake of mingling with the passengers and running the fin up to $200, betting on the horse races.

But He's Going Back Again

When he tried to cash his tickets, the purser noticed that the name of Ruffles John wasn't on the passenger list and sent him back to New York on the next boat.

But Ruffles — who has traveled through every state in the Union at least twice, crashing the gates at the Baer-Braddock, Louis-Baer, Louis-Farr fights and Rose Bowl football games too numerous to mention—is planning to go back to Berlin again soon. And he won't have to pay to get in, either.

He joined the Army with that idea in mind back in December, 1940, and now he's an A.P.O. clerk with a staff sergeant's rating here in the Caribbean Defense Command.

LIEUT. JOHN KIMBROUGH of Texas A. and M. fame is one of the backfield stars on Major Wallace Wade's Western Army All Star football squad.

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SPORTS: SOME ODD DATA ON THE GAME THOSE DODGERS MADE FAMOUS

BY CPL. JOE McCARTHY

Larry MacPhail is planning to tear up his $50,000 a year Brooklyn contract and join the Army after he watches his Bums beat the Yankees in the World Series. Of course, the Dodgers will have to beat the Cardinals before they beat the Yankees but if St. Louis ever manages to win the National League pennant, the Smith Brothers will shave off their beards and W. C. Fields will start drinking milk.

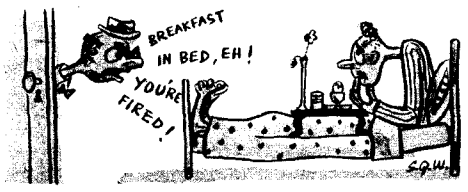
Naturally the thought of Larry MacPhail, who made the Dodgers what they are today, turning his talent and ideas over to the Army invites all kinds of possibilities. So your correspondent dreamed up a fine column on the subject entitled "MacPhail in the Army or An Electric Dish Washer and Potato Peeler in Every Mess Hall." But the first sergeant, an old Giant fan, complained about it and said that if MacPhail was mentioned in this space once more he would scream.

"Every week I pick up that paper and what do I see?" the first sergeant hollered. "MacPhail and the Dodgers, the Dodgers and MacPhail. If you mention that guy MacPhail just once more, I will scream."

Take It Over, Mr. Spink

So your correspondent had to tear up the MacPhail column and turn all the commas and exclamation marks back to the supply room. The supply sergeant here at YANK watches his commas and exclamation marks like a hawk and makes you polish each one and cover it with cosmoline before you bring it back to him.

I didn't have anything to take its place except the hard time Frank Frisch is having with the Pittsburgh Pirates and that is neither here nor there



so I am turning the rest of the space this week over to J. G. Taylor Spink.

Maybe that sounds like a gag but J. G. Taylor Spink, the editor of the Sporting News, happens to be one of the greatest living authorities on baseball in captivity. J. G. Taylor Spink has gathered together a wealth of interesting facts about baseball that are known to few people except J. G. Taylor Spink and I am taking the liberty of passing some of them along to you. They may come in handy some night if you want to make an impression on a third baseman's daughter at a U.S.O. dance.

Breakfast in Bed Is Out

For instance, did you know that baseball teams used to have a rule forbidding players to have their breakfast in bed? Phil Ball, owner of the Browns, once ordered Infielder Gene Robertson to be fired because he had breakfast in bed. He was sent to the Yankees where they don't care where you eat breakfast as long as you get a few base hits afterwards.

And did it ever occur to you that the present type of baseball uniform dates back to 1868 when it was worn by the Cincinnati Reds? Before that, baseball players wore long pants. Ultra tight uniforms came in during the 1880's as a result of the influence of a comic-opera named "Nadjy" a big hit in New York. The leading lady wore black tights.

Fort Wayne, Ind., claims it had the first night game under lights in 1883. Hartford, Conn., had one seven years later. Hartford won, with George Stallings catching, in four innings by the score of 26 to 19. A 20 cent ball was used and the fans denounced the whole thing as a flop, just like the fans at the last Dodger-Giants game under lights in the Polo Grounds.

The first doubleheader was played in Worcester,

Joe DiMaggio Owes Everything to Vitamin Pills

of all places, in 1882 and the people there are still talking about it. Incidentally, Robert Benchley was born in Worcester. He looks just the same in real life as he does in the movies, too.

The wives of major league ball players are a problem. They usually gather in one spot at the park and make catty remarks when somebody's husband gets caught off first base, which causes trouble. The Dodgers once barred wives from their Havana training camp. Van Lingle Mungo, who was chased out of there by the male partner of a local adagio dancer, wished that they barred husbands, too. (If I can't keep those Dodgers out of here soon, I'll be spending Sunday on K.P.)

The Phils Could Use Vitamins

In some ball parks, there is a telephone connection between the dug-out and the bull pen but most managers call relief pitchers by a system of wig-

wags. When Mel Ott wants Cliff Melton, he wiggles his ears because Melton has large cauliflowers. When Manager Joe McCarthy of the Yankees wants Johnny Murphy, he strokes his chin because Murphy is quite undershod. When the first sergeant wants me, he pulls a gold brick out of his pocket.

The St. Louis Cardinals were the first club to use vitamin pills. The Yankees used 30,000 vitamin pills last year. Somebody ought to tip off the Phillies about this.

Umpires in the major leagues are paid anywhere from $4,000 to $12,000 a year depending on their years of service. Larry MacPhail thinks that they are not worth it.

I must close now because the first sergeant is coming at me with a G.I. shoe in his hand.

Pittsburgh Will Try Negro Ball Players

PITTSBURGH — Negro baseball players will get a chance to try out for the Pittsburgh Pirates at the end of this season.

President Bill Benswanger has authorized Wendell Smith, sports writer for the Pittsburgh Courier, a colored newspaper, to pick out several candidates worthy of a major league trial. Others chosen by members of the Pirate scouting staff will join the workouts before Bob Rice, club farm director.

Smith said he would recommend Catcher Josh Gibson, the Negro "Babe Ruth," and Outfielder Sammy Bankhead of the Homestead (Pa.) Grays, and Shortstop Willie Wells and Pitcher Leon Day of the Newark Eagles.

There never has been a Negro player in the major leagues, though from time to time, top flight colored teams have developed stars like the great pitcher, Satchel Paige, who could hold their own in big time competition.

Paige, incidentally, isn't interested in the National or American League. He feels that he's too old for such an adventure now and besides he's making about $35,000 a year appearing in Negro all-star games.

Tables Turn—Umpires Yell "We Wuz Robbed"

SAN FRANCISCO — Umpires Bill Englen and Frisco Edwards had their lockers broken into and all their money stolen during a Pacific Coast League game. Screaming at the top of their lungs, they rushed to Lefty O'Doul, manager of the San Francisco Seals.

"We wuz robbed, we wuz robbed!" they shouted.

"How amusing," O'Doul said. "Imagine a couple of thieves complaining about that!"

Shore Leaves Springfield To Manage Buffalo Bisons

BUFFALO—Eddie Shore, owner-player-manager of the Springfield Indians of the American Hockey League last year, will manage and coach the Buffalo Bisons of the same league this season.

The Army took over the Springfield Arena, forcing the club to disband for the duration. About 30 players belonging to the Indians will report to Shore at Buffalo if the Canadian government allows hockey players to cross the border into the U. S. for competition.

LEAGUE LEADERS

(As of Aug. 24)

BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
Williams, Boston	121	422	107	146	.346
Gordon, New York	116	424	69	143	.337
Spence, Washington	117	489	72	163	.333
Wright, Chicago	83	292	42	97	.332
Pesky, Boston	118	493	81	161	.327

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Reiser, Brooklyn	99	383	82	129	.337
Slaughter, St. Louis	119	466	80	152	.326
Lombardi, Boston	83	231	23	74	.320
Medwick, Brooklyn	115	443	57	141	.318
Musial, St. Louis	108	355	71	113	.318

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	26	Ott, Giants	24
Keller, Yankees	23	Camilli, Dodgers	21
Laabs, Browns	22	Mize, Giants	21

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	11[illegible]	Camilli, Dodgers	84
DiMaggio, Yanks	86	Medwick, Dodgers	82
Doerr, Red Sox	86	Slaughter, St. L.	80

Air Force Schools Won't Play Football

WASHINGTON—Air Force technical training schools won't play much football this year.

An order of Major Gen. Walter R. Weaver, commanding general of the Air Corps Technical Training Command, has cancelled all gridiron activity at these schools, except informal intramural games.

In letters to the various commanding officers, Gen. Weaver said that the training of technicians for the air forces would be seriously impeded by competitive football since students have only six weeks to learn their work.

"They couldn't be good football players and learn to be good mechanics, too, in that short time," he wrote.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

(Aug. 24)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Milwaukee	73	62	.541	Louisville	69	66	.511
Columbus	73	63	.537	Minneapolis	70	69	.504
Kansas City	73	65	.529	Indianapolis	68	69	.496
Toledo	68	65	.511	St. Paul	52	87	.374

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

(Aug. 24)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Nashville	81	59	.579	Birmingham	67	67	.500
Little Rock	74	58	.56[illegible]	Memphis	67	70	.489
New Orleans	69	64	.519	Chattanooga	57	76	.429
Atlanta	70	68	.507	Knoxville	55	78	.414

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

(Aug. 24)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Los Angeles	87	59	.596	San Francisco	72	75	.490
Sacramento	84	61	.579	Oakland	67	79	.459
Seattle	78	67	.538	Hollywood	66	81	.449
San Diego	74	72	.507	Portland	55	89	.382

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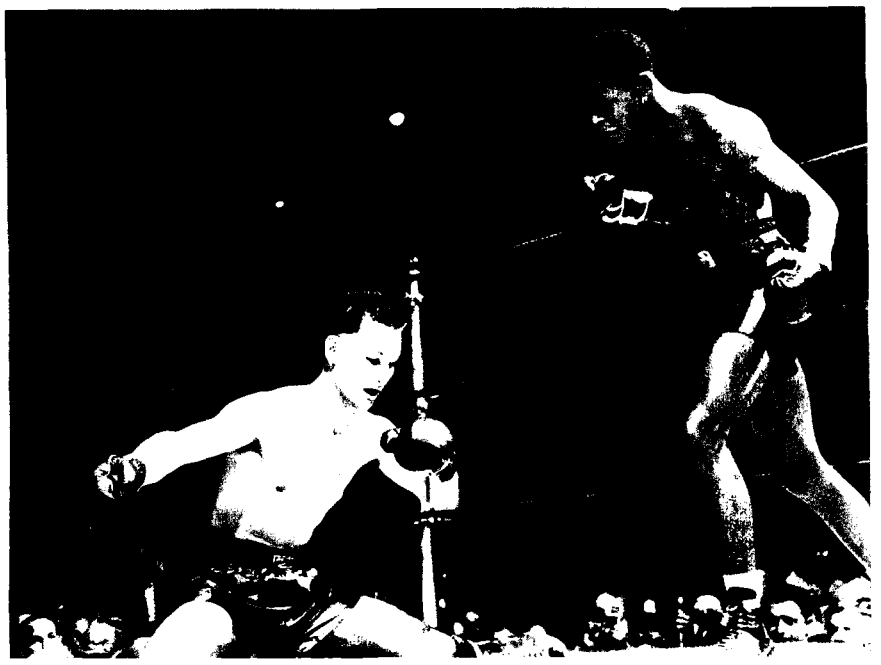
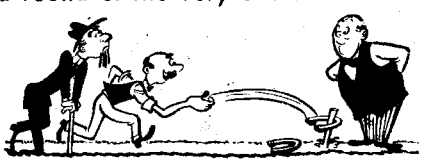
Dodgers Have Cards On the Ropes



ANOTHER VICTORY FOR ROBINSON—Reuben Shank, the Denver welterweight, does a perfect split as he hits the canvas during his fight with Ray Robinson, the new colored ring sensation, at Madison Square Garden. The undefeated Harlem boy kept his long string of triumphs intact by knocking out Shank, who had previously beaten Henry Armstrong and Fritzie Zivic, in the second round of the very one-sided bout.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



MILWAUKEE—Jesse Owens, holder and co-holder of seven world's track records, has joined the staff of Miss Dorothy Enderis, director of municipal recreation activity.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. — Dr. George Hauser, succeeding Bernie Bierman as head coach at Minnesota, has inherited a wealth of football material including two potential all-American stars, Bill Daley and Capt. Dick Wildung.

ST. LOUIS—Shaw Park won the annual outdoor swimming championships at Ozark Park by taking first places in 12 of the 26 events and scoring 139 points. Downtown YMCA was second with 56 points.

DETROIT — Fritz Crisler lost a good tackle prospect at Michigan when Ray Sowers reported for Army duty at Camp Custer . . . Johnny Lipon, new Tiger rookie shortstop, is a hometown product.

HOLLYWOOD—Bill Barisoff, the outfielder and catcher, recalled by the Stars recently from Dallas received his draft board notice as soon as he arrived here.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia.—There's a queer situation existing here on the Raiders, Cedar Rapids' Three Eye League team. The infielders—Verne Freiburger, Blas Monaco, Joe Frazier, and Phil Seghi—are each batting over the .300 mark but the outfielders are all under that figure.

TACOMA, Wash.—The new Pacific Coast dim-out law has forced the Western International League to play twilight games at Tacoma and Salem. If the six o'clock starting time proves unpopular, all league games will be played at Vancouver and Spokane, outside the dim-out area, for the rest of the season.

Draft Board Finally Stops Lyons' Career

CHICAGO—After 20 years in the American League, Ted Lyons, the veteran White Sox pitcher, is planning to quit baseball. But not because his arm is getting tired.

The draft board is calling him into the service. He is 41, unmarried and with no dependents.

FORT WORTH—Rogers Hornsby is a big success as manager of the Cats in the Texas League. The former National League batting champion took over the club last November with the understanding that he would make it pay. Thus far, with the Cats in striking distance of the pennant, he hasn't asked the owners for a penny of expense money. He's bought players with profits made this year and has sold his left fielder, Ford Garrison, to the Boston Red Sox for a tidy sum.

St. Louis Wins 12 Out of 14 But Bums Still Run Them Groggy

NEW YORK—The Dodgers gladdened the hearts of their frantic Flatbush followers by sweeping a crooshial four game series with those arch-villians, The Giants, and practically sewing the National League pennant up for the second straight season before heading west on their final road trip of the year in the last week of August.

The second-place St. Louis Cardinals were snapping at the Bums' heels again when the Giants invaded Ebbets Field fresh from a six game winning streak. But Whit Wyatt pitched a one-hit triumph in the opener and the rest was easy.

Camilli Rides Again

The sweep of the four game Giant series put the Dodgers seven and a half games in front of the Cardinals, even though Billy Southworth's contenders won 12 of their previous 14 games. That lead with only 35 contests left on the schedule made the St. Louis situation seem almost hopeless.

The Cardinals have one slim chance. If they can take all four of their games from the Dodgers in St. Louis and if the other western clubs can administer severe punishment to the Durocher University students, but that seems extremely unlikely.

Durocher went west with his leading pitchers, Larry French, Curt Davis and Wyatt all rested for the Cardinal series. And Dolph Camilli is back in his old form again. He won one of the Giant games with a four run homer that enabled him to take the league leadership in runs-batted-in away from his teammate, Joe Medwick.

Hughson and Passeau Win 17

In the American League, things are about the same. The Red Sox managed to whittle the Yankees' margin down to nine games by winning eight out of nine in seven days but not even Manager Joe Cronin thinks he has a ghost of a chance of beating the world champions.

The leading pitchers keep going well in both leagues. Tex Hughson of the Red Sox and Clyde Passeau of the Cubs have both won 17 as we go to press, Ernie Bonham of the Yankees has 16 and Whit Wyatt and the two Cardinal stars, Johnny Beazley and Mort Cooper, all have 15.

This is the first season in Cooper's career that he's been able to win more than 13 games and he says he did it by changing his shirt. He wears Number 13 on his back regularly but when he went out after the 14th win, he wore the Number 14 shirt that Gus Mancuso left in St. Louis when he went to the Giants.

Philadelphia Salutes Williams

The trick worked, so when it came time for Mort to pitch for his 15th triumph, he borrowed the Number 15 shirt from his brother and catcher, Walker Cooper. Now he's waiting to try a Number 16 blouse.

The American League staged three doubleheaders for the Army and Navy Relief fund, Sunday, Aug. 23, that attracted a total of 155,000 spectators and added $185,000 to the coffers. Babe Ruth's appearance helped draw 69,136 people to the Yankee Stadium for the Senators-Yankees benefit show and almost 60,000 saw the Browns take two from the Tigers in Detroit.

The third relief double header, attended by 26,514 in Philadelphia, was marked by another Ted Williams incident. As was the case earlier this season, in Boston, the Red Sox slugger became engaged in a verbal battle with the left field bleacher crowd. The Philadelphians showered him with fruit and vegetables.

SPORT SHORTS

Three hundred prints of the American League movie, "Play Ball," are ready to be shown at Army camps, Naval training stations, Marine camps and USO centers. Recreational officers may get it by contacting Lew Fonseca, American League, 310 South Michigan Building, Chicago. . . . New York turf writers have honored **Alfred G. Vanderbilt,** as the man who contributed most to racing; **Warren Wright,** owner of Whirlaway, as the leading breeder; **George Washington Carroll,** developer of Market Wise, as the foremost trainer, and **Alf Robertson,** as the best jockey of the year. . . And speaking of racing, **Market Wise.,** arch rival of Whirlaway, has been retired for the rest of the year because of a wrenched right knee. . . . Jockey **Basil James** is also sidelined, but for a longer period. The country's leading rider of 1936 has been inducted into the Army at Governor's Island.

Lieut. Hank Greenberg, now stationed at Fort Worth, Texas, is the new head of a nationwide sports program for the Army Corps. . . . **Tom Jenkins,** former West Point wrestling coach and physical education instructor of the academy since 1905, has retired. He is 70 years old. . . . **Ben Hogan's** recent triumph in the Rochester Open boosted his golf earnings for the year to $13,143, well ahead of Byron Nelson's $9,601. . . . **Col. John C. Butner,** commanding officer of the western detachment of the All-Army football team, was a teammate of **Major Wallace Wade,** Army coach, on the 1916 Brown Rose Bowl team.

Who said baseball isn't helping soldiers in their more serious training? **Pvt. Mike Urisko** of New York, shortstop for a regimental team at Fort Devens, threw 27 consecutive bulls eyes on the hand grenade range recently. . . . **Slammin' Sammy Snead,** a dead eye with the golf clubs, is amazing his superior officers with his accuracy on the rifle range at the Norfolk Naval Training Station. . . . **Fritz Crisler,** highly successful football coach at Michigan, predicts a daring, more wide-open game this Fall, with accent on offense rather than defense.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF AUGUST 24TH)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	New York	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	8	12	13	11	15	13	12	84	35	.706	—
St. Louis	8	—	13	10	11	13	11	11	77	43	.642	7½
New York	6	6	—	10	10	10	10	13	65	57	.533	20½
Cincinnati	5	7	7	—	10	6	14	10	59	61	.492	25½
Pittsburgh	4	7	7	6	—	9	10	12	55	63	.466	28½
Chicago	4	5	8	12	10	—	8	11	58	68	.460	29½
Boston	5	6	7	4	6	10	—	12	50	74	.403	36½
Phila.	3	4	3	6	5	5	8	—	34	81	.296	48
Games lost	35	43	57	61	63	68	74	81	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	St. Louis	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	9	11	12	10	13	12	14	81	42	.659	—
Boston	8	—	9	8	12	9	13	13	72	51	.585	9
Cleveland	6	7	—	8	6	10	12	15	64	58	.525	16½
St. Louis	6	9	8	—	9	12	8	12	64	59	.520	17
Detroit	7	6	12	10	—	9	7	10	61	64	.488	21
Chicago	5	7	8	5	9	—	10	9	53	64	.453	25
Wash'ton	4	6	5	10	10	4	—	9	48	71	.403	31
Phila.	6	7	5	6	8	7	9	—	48	82	.369	36½
Games lost	42	51	58	59	64	64	71	82	—	—		

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This Way Up

The Army built this "mountain" at Fort Lewis, Wash., to teach infantrymen the alpinist's art. The log wall is notched so they can stick to it hand and toe.

WELL,

What ya waitin' on Soldier? Fourth of July?

Here you are, holding in your hand a chance to get 26 issues of YANK for 75 cents and what do you do?

That's easy. Just fill out this blank, mail it with 6 bits to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City, and we'll send you 26 issues—one every week, for 6 months.

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